The SPHERE

Vol. CXXVII. No. 1659 NOV. 7, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

"Luvisca" REGD SHIRTS SOFT COLLARS & PYJAMAS

IN shirts and soft collars, as in pyjamas, what a man *wants* and what he *receives* will always correspond while the name "Luvisca" is his guide. *Your* likings have been well studied: inspect the ranges now being shown. British manufacture.

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THE GRAND HOTEL
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THE CARLTON

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V.76

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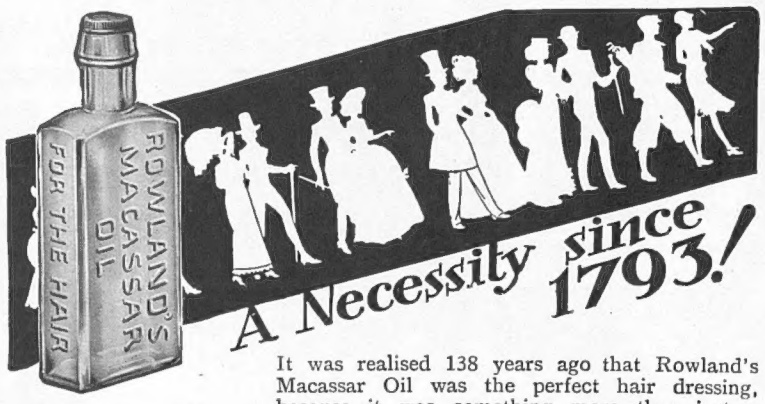
British Made.



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BY APPOINTMENT
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MODEL 3364. Made of two-toned brushed fur-felt. In all the season's shades.
Price 21/-
Obtainable from all Agents.

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The illustration shows left breast supported and right unsupported. Only **JOUJOU BREAST SUPPORTER** gives this correct improvement: must be worn day and night. **GUARDS** against **CANCER, TUMOUR, MASTITIS,** and relieves **PAIN** immediately.

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Joujou Breast Supporter with Pad.
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Two of the newest productions for Sports occasions. They are both made in warm velour fleece with reversible check back. No. 1 is in green reverse grey check or fawn reverse beige check. No. 2 is in fawn reverse beige check only. **6 Gns.**

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Look at that illustrated: It is the New De Luxe Fordor saloon, £225 at Works. It seats five fully-grown folk really roomily. It has a safety-glass windscreen and an automatic screen-wiper. It has illuminated direction-indicators, four double-acting hydraulic shock-absorbers, four-wheel brakes, fenders (or bumpers) fore and aft, five detachable wheels with amply large tyres, a combined stop and tail light, a lamp on the instrument-board, speedometer, theft-proof ignition-lock, petrol-gauge, and the exterior of the body is finished in cellulose lacquer and stainless steel—the next thing to self-cleaning. Inside the rear compartment are arm-rests at either end of the seat, and a disappearing centre-rest. The sunshine roof is noiseless, draught-proof, leak-proof.

As fast as it's safe to travel, this New FORD model costs less, to buy, to run, to maintain, year after year, than any other car of its carrying-capacity and performance; yet its price is £225, at Works.

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THE SPHERE

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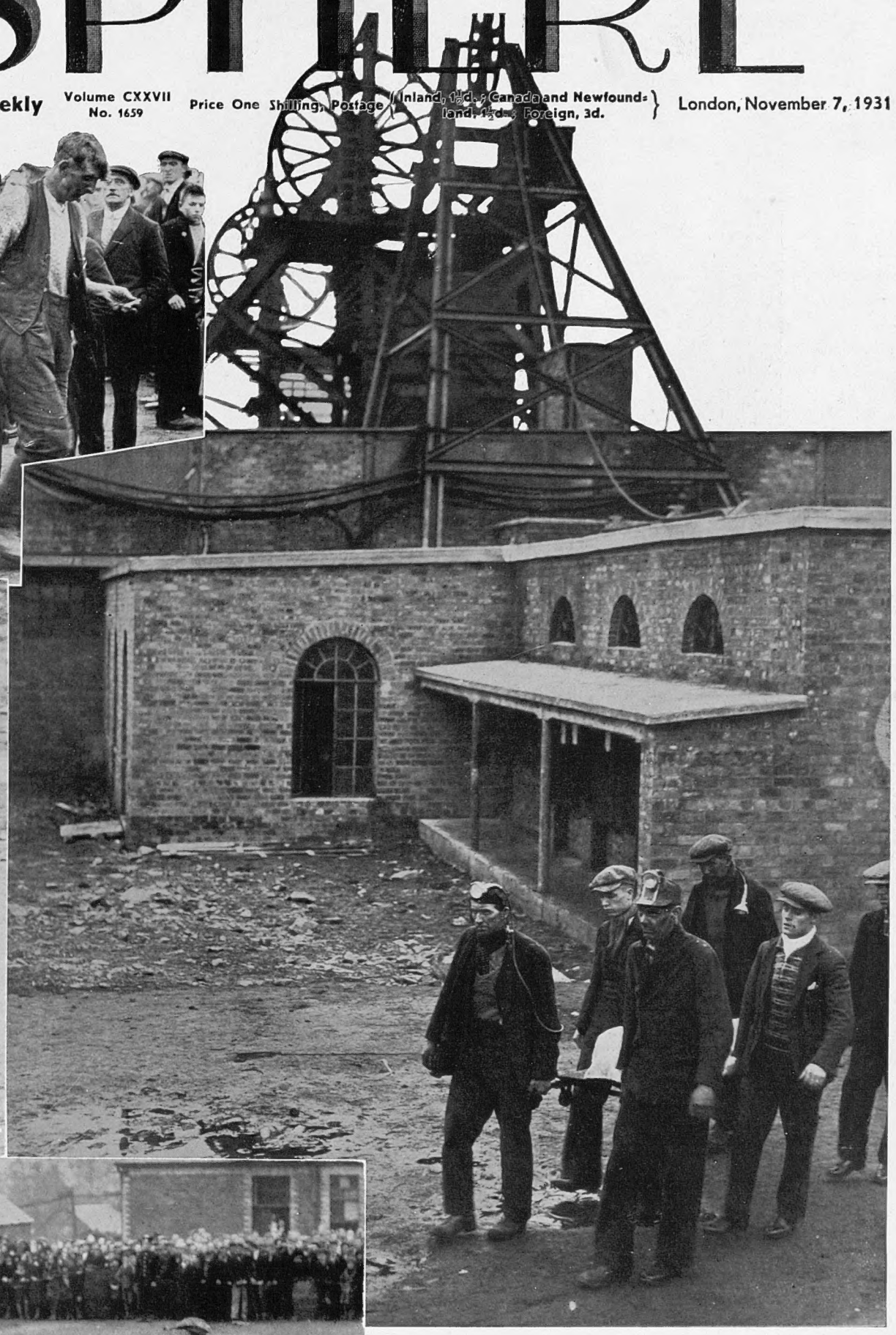


TRAGEDY in FIFE

The Bowhill Colliery Disaster in which Ten Miners Lost their Lives

Scenes of heartrending pathos occurred last week-end at the pithead of the Bowhill Colliery, Lochgelly, Fifeshire, when, after many hours of heroic work in deadly fire-damp, the bodies of the ten victims of an explosion were brought to the surface. What adds to the tragedy is the fact that the pit lies idle and it was repair work on which the victims were engaged. Four of the ten dead were married men and all were natives of the district. The bodies were found in one heap, from which it is deduced that they were first blown by an explosion to one end of the shaft in which they were working and then submerged by a frightful fall of débris.

ATTEMPTING A RECORD TO THE CAPE: Miss Peggy Salaman, a distinguished *débutante* of London, who, with her pilot, Mr. A. Gordon Store, of Kimberley, left Lympne Aerodrome on Friday, October 30, for the Cape in her Puss Moth, *Good Hope*. Miss Salaman reached Athens in her first hop and, as we go to press (Tuesday night) is *en route* from Entebbe to Tabara

A London

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, November 4, 1931.

A CLEAN SWEEP.—The General Election of 1931 is ancient history now, and we are in the month of November. Out of curiosity I turned back to the Newsletter of September 12, the beginning of the National Government. "*At the moment*," I wrote, "*there are but two parties in the State, the Rights and the Lefts. My own view I need not stress again—namely, that MacDonald and Co. are right and that Henderson and his ex-Ministers are left, or likely to be left.*" Events have proved me for once an Old Moore. Opposition to the great National effort has melted away. England "blew with its wind and they were scattered" and the wilderness is not large enough to hold those ex-Ministers who did not dare to risk T.U.C. displeasure. The nation has spoken. It was still sane enough at bottom to keep the goose alive and to realize that a smaller egg is better than no egg at all. It is still at heart the England that united against the Spaniard, the Dutchman, the Frenchman, and the Prussian. There was great enthusiasm, and *Land of Hope and Glory* was vociferously rendered in many places where results were shown or declared to large crowds. We did not all go mad with joy. Some of us are cursed with memories guaranteed to run for seven years. Therefore in many private houses, and mercifully at Conservative Headquarters, the sweeping victory of the National cause was received with sober dignity and no ridiculous and vulgar demonstrations. Mr. Baldwin, you and I remember the power of reaction in general elections since the war and also the enthusiasm of a certain night in 1924—and all that followed it. The victory is not won yet. We have merely manœuvred into a battle position favourable beyond all expectation. The Nation is behind its army, and has declared the cause a good and just cause. Indeed, I could wish there remained some official opposition worthy the name, since opposition on sane and constitutional lines is good for Government and acts as a deterrent to official arrogance.

THEIR EXITS AND THEIR ENTRANCES.—Clever young Sir Stafford Cripps (by the skin of his teeth) remains to resist sane government supported by Messrs. Lansbury and Attlee. The wilderness teems (thick as Belgium) with its population of unseated ex-Ministers and party leaders. Henderson, Clynes, Morrison, Alexander, Shaw, Miss Bondfield, Hayes, Paling, Graham, Johnson, Benn, Addison, Dalton, Hayday, Brockway, Edwards, Kennedy—all these are scratching their heads still over the puzzle of the British character and the working man in particular. Party leaders, Ministers, miners' leaders, T.U.C. chairmen, all, all are gone, the old familiar faces. Is it possible after all that even a trade-unionist can dislike T.U.C. dictation? Is it possible that the working classes really care for the proud traditions of their country? Is it possible that moral courage does after all *pay?* Did ever experienced politicians so egregiously back the wrong horse, so absurdly misinterpret the signposts? What is the lesson? If you wish to lead the masses, study the men and not their mouthpieces. Study national character, not words. And Sir Oswald, in another part of the blasted heath, is rumpling his glossy hair also. Four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie. Two-and-twenty deposits make a considerable forfeit in the game of party politics. But Rome was not built in a day. Remus was a jumping Jackass, and Sir Oswald is young enough to come again. There are several men I welcome, or welcome back, to Westminster. Mr. Harold Macmillan, who has won back Stockton, directs the great publishing house of that name, and has a reputation to remake. For he started in politics admirably and subsequently wandered off on by-paths. Mr. Roger Lumley has the stuff in him. He has won back York. Colonel Headlam, the hero of Gateshead recently, has been too long in the wilderness. He did well at the Admiralty as Financial Secretary in Mr. Baldwin's 1924 Administration; he has stuck nobly to his guns at Barnard Castle and deserves a place, if one can be found. Mr. Briant, General Spears, Sir W. Greaves-Lord, Colonel Moore-Brabazon, Sir Mitchell Bankes, and Mr. Russell Rea are welcome additions to an *embarras de richesse*, and the Liberal Captain F. Guest returns as a Conservative. Several young lordlings, such as Weymouth, Castlereagh, Scone, Knebworth, Clydesdale, and Burghley, begin their initiate of Parliamentary life.

AN EMBARRASSING TRIUMPH.—This utter rout of the Hendersonians, the ex-Ministers of Mr. MacDonald's Government, worries me a lot. The traditions and discipline of Parliament are the best possible medicine for fevered heads, and it is infinitely better for the country that defeated and sore men should air their grievances and discharge their bitterness in the House, with the restraint which its traditions and the standards of conduct approved by the listening majority imposes, than that they should drip vitriol at street corners, in private conferences and trade unions meetings. We may be very sure that the bulk of Mr. Henderson's followers will take defeat (and the Nation's broad hint) soberly, philosophically and with the restraint and sportsmanship which have marked their public careers in the main. The blow is staggering. To many of them a life's work and a career are gone for ever. Many of them may find themselves this winter in really necessitous circumstances. There is bound to be acute bitterness among the weaker brethren and the terrible temptation to stir up the hotheads to resist. The suggestion that the returned handful of Hendersonians should absent themselves from Parliament is as inevitable as it is petty and petulant. Indeed it is that pettiness of its followers which has so often betrayed the broader-minded leaders of a fine party, and has now pushed a great cause back twenty-one years. The Nation has spoken with so rare and complete a unanimity that I could wish the new Parliament included at least a dozen of these defeated Hendersonian ex-Ministers. They are needed at Westminster in the interests of Government, of the country, and for the future well-being of the Labour Party.

OCTOBER 27 – 28.—The calendar compilers will doubtless immortalize October 27 and 28 and enshrine them as near neighbours of the Feast of Crispian. For on these days the nation gave a Government the greatest majority ever recorded in our political history. The nearest approach was the Whig majority of 1832 for Reform. On these days the nation declared its unanimity and determination to save England by its character and Europe by its example, as only once or twice it has done in our history. It is not only Mr. Henderson and his followers who "guessed wrong." We were all caught short—short of confidence in the nation, short of optimism, short of courage. We were all pessimists, all defeatists—all save Noel Coward. He guessed right and staged a setting for the nation's whole-hearted acclamation of a Great England and a wise and patriotic constitutional sovereign—a splendid symbol of a nation still mighty, still charged with a vitally important duty to civilization. That scene at the end of the Royal visit to Drury Lane has an import which will increase rather than diminish in its significance when the history of our times and of King George's reign comes to be written. October 27–28 is, like April 23, England's Day.

THE TIDE SOON TURNS.—It is my prayer that Messrs. MacDonald and Baldwin will keep before them this great truth which post-war politics has driven home half-a-dozen times in bitter lessons. *From the hour of the announcement of an election victory—be it never so dazzling—the tide of reaction begins to set against the Government in power.* Instantly that Government comes under the searchlight of criticism, not from the Opposition only but from the whole nation. Its every action is tested for sincerity and patriotism and (may I add) never so much as in the hateful task of Cabinet making. Every redundant post filled, every gilded, rather than efficient, partisan rewarded with a minor plum, will mean so much loss of confidence, so much added opposition and criticism. This *is* to be a Socialist Government, an economy Government, the unclogged and workable machine at long last. For heaven's sake let us be spared an Army Corps of Camp Followers, a rabble of noble placemen. Already we are assured that the vital positions in the Cabinet—of which there are really not more than eighteen—will be filled by men possessed of the largest share of political and administrative ability and experience available to-day in England. At all costs let us be spared a return to the unwieldy Cabinet of thirty.

MAN'S INGRATITUDE.—Not the iciest blast of winter bites so nigh as man's ingratitude. Mr. Thomas's life's work, the work of creating the strongest union in the country out of a handful of disorganized and discordant elements is to go unrewarded by the almost unanimous vote of the mouthpieces of that great body of workers he served so well. And by their decision those mouthpieces declare the crass failure of trade unionism. It has proved itself a dictatorship by the blind over the destinies of slaves. For only yesterday the railwaymen unequivocally declared their detestation of the narrow-minded policy of their chosen leaders and of the efforts of the trade unions to dictate the policy of the Government. Mr. Thomas was entitled to receive the most generous interpretation of an essentially elastic rule, and it is by a minority vote of seventy-five delegates against 100,000 contributors that he is sent empty away. Truly slavery was never bought more easily. The whole tribe of railwaymen are saddled with the opprobrium of base ingratitude through the petty spite of a handful of jacks-in-office. The bulk of the nation must hope that for years to come Mr. Thomas will remain in office in the Government. It may be possible for him, by careful management, to set aside annually such a proportion of his ministerial salary during the next five years as will, capitalized, assure him and his heirs a big proportion of the amount of the life pension which he so well earned. Accordingly, we pray that he may be spared to enjoy a decade of office and then a carefree old age. In a sense, Mr. A. J. Cook is happier in his death than is Mr. Thomas in health and strength.

SANITY TRIUMPHS.—There were two decisions of more than ordinary importance awaited with anxiety by civilization in the early part of last week. Each was a test of the sanity of a great nation. There was the General Election in England and the decision of the U.S. Courts as to the question of bail for the incredible Capone. To the sane American the Capone decision was hardly less anxious than that of the electorate to sane Englishmen. The Dago who has made America a laughing-stock and a disgrace to civilization, and bathed the streets of one of the world's greatest cities in blood for a decade, exchanging winks with all the forces of law and order of which America can boast, was at last laid by the heels on a minor charge. Wholesale murder failed to spur the authorities of

Newsletter

the States to anything but puerile activities, for human life is cheap in America; but a debt to the Exchequer stimulated for a brief burst that erratic machine of justice, and Capone was positively lagged. If the National Government had been defeated, if Capone had been let out, then indeed the two great English-speaking nations had retired amid the giggles of civilization to the privacy and impotence that is the last fate of the criminally insane. But blind self-interest and sentimentalism were denied their final triumph. The dictatorships of Capone and the T.U.C. are temporarily at an end.

SANE SOCIALISM.—I have, since the War, felt convinced that the best achievements of Socialism lie to the credit of the Conservative Party. Mr. Chamberlain is the most out and out of the whole bunch of practical Socialists, while Mr. Baldwin has time and again proved himself a Socialist in theory. The clap-trap about the National Government being a Conservative wolf in sheep's clothing was an election stunt and can be dropped. We have at last a true Socialist Government with enough (initial) balance, ability, courage, experience, prudence, and breadth of view, to achieve something really big and sound on approved Socialist ideals, and if the Opposition has any genuine regard for Socialism in our time it will help and not hinder the new Government. This indeed is the first Socialist Government worth the name; this is Socialism's first chance. Socialism has had to call on, and call in, the experience of her political converts, to supplement her own lack of administrative experience. None knows better than Mr. MacDonald, than Mr. Baldwin, than Sir John Simon, that the very first moment that offers, after the pound is pegged, industry propped on its legs, and the débris of the late mad orgy cleared away, the country's soul and body must be sweetened by a Socialistic campaign in slum clearance and house building. Indeed, whether at home or abroad, I can see no item on the agenda of the coming years which is not the quintessence of sane Socialist ideals.

THE LAST OF THEM.—Lord Harewood has advertised for disposal Chesterfield House, and so with Curzon and Sunderland Houses in the market the end has come to London's score of private palaces. Chesterfield House was commissioned by Philip, 4th Earl, at the moment when London was "made safe" by the failure of Charles Edward's cause at Culloden, and it was finished to the designs of Ware in 1749. It stood isolated "on the edge of the town," with nothing but green fields between it and the Hampstead Woods. Its glories are linked with Canons, the seat of the Duke of Chandos, which supplied the famous staircase, and the stonework of its courtyard is one of London's sights. The glorious classic library inspired the famous letters, and the ante-room to the library echoed the groans of Dr. Johnson and other literary clients of a proud patron "waiting their turns." The Chesterfields held the mansion until 1869, when it was sold to Mr. Magniac for £150,000. Lord Burton succeeded to it by purchase (less the garden which became Chesterfield Gardens), and Lord Harewood acquired it from Lady Burton on the death of old Lord Clanricarde, as a worthy setting for that millionaire's art collection. Chesterfield House and the decision to sell it are both landmarks. In a century-and-a-half solid London has grown from Mayfair to Barnet on the north at the rate of about a mile in fifteen years. But the decision to sell the house marks a still more remarkable speed record. Twelve years ago we should have considered it strange if the heir to 2½ millions and the husband of the King's only daughter were housed in anything but a detached London Palace. To-day it will evoke no surprise if Lord Harewood and Princess Mary decide on a flat.

HITLER COMING?—It has been reported that the Chief of the Nazis has made a date with Mr. Churchill, Sir Oswald Mosley, and Mussolini, and that he designs to explain the political aims of his party to likely sympathisers among the politicians of England and Italy. I was sorry to hear the rumour contradicted, for these conversations should ensure that the aims of Hitlerism will become better known in this country than is at present the case. We do not at present know whether he is a Socialist, a Fascist, or a Boy Scout. How the sparks will fly when the electric men I have named meet over a cocktail and exchange ideas. After the appalling triteness and dinginess which have characterized the fogbank of political oratory from which we have suffered during the past months, how we shall welcome a splutter of magnesian wire and mild rocket. I shall extend a welcome to the Nazi Chief.

THE OLD STAGER

DECLARATION: Miss Joan Ridley, who, with Mrs. J. B. Pittman, went over unofficially for the U.S. tennis tournaments, goes through the Customs on her return after a triumphant tour in which she won many laurels

DEPARTURE: Princess Ingrid of Sweden (left) is seen off by her brother, Prince Gustav, from St. Pancras. Princess Ingrid was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of Lady May Cambridge and Captain Abel Smith

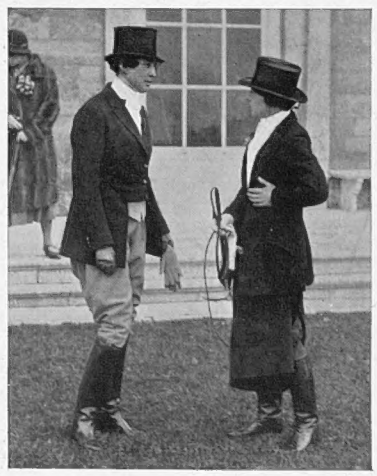
WEDDING GUESTS: Mr. "Jim" Lawrence, Mr. Thomas Dreiberg, the Hon. Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton and the Hon. Hamish Erskine at the St. Margaret's, Westminster, wedding of Mr. Peter Horlick and Miss Rosemary Nichol

THE CATCH: The fish in the Battersea Park lake were collected a few days ago in nets. They were then transported in bins to Rye House and subsequently were liberated in the waters of the River Lea

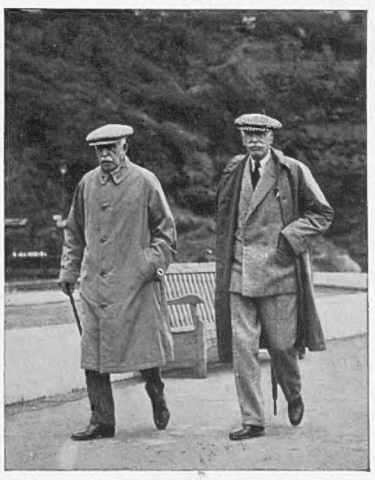
PRESENTATION: Lieut.-Colonel Charles Walmesley, the secretary of the Craven, was presented with a portrait of himself on his retirement. The presentation took place at the meet of the Craven at Baydon Manor

OUTWARD BOUND: A group including Lady Evelyn Collins, the Hon. Mrs Flower, the Hon. Lady Maxse, Lady Leconfield, General Sir I. Maxse, Colonel Sir G. Carter and Lady Archer at the meet of the Leconfield at Petworth

HONEYMOON: Captain and Lady May Abel Smith on board S.S. *Lady Leinster* on arrival at Dublin



WAITING: Lady Leconfield (left) and Mrs. Harry Baker at the meet of the Leconfield Hounds held at Petworth

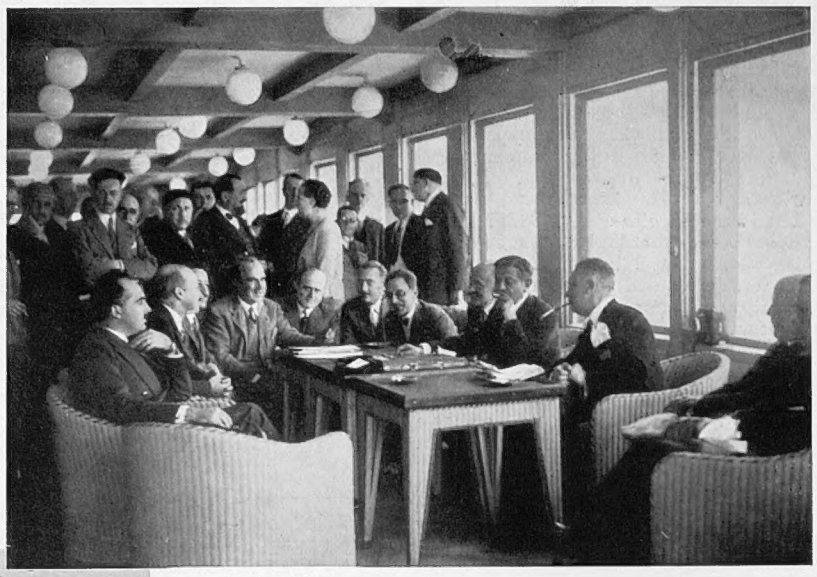


PATRIOTIC: The Duke of Connaught has this year abandoned his beloved Riviera and is living at Sidmouth

M. LAVAL'S AMERICAN TOUR

The Exodus, the Visit, and the Return

BUSINESS DURING PLEASURE: M. Laval, on board S.S. *Ile de France*, entered into the social life of the ship. At any moment, however, he would receive Marconigrams on matters of State—even, as seen above, during his enjoyment of a boxing match. The ultimate result of the journey, however, was *vox et praeterea nihil*



AN IMPROMPTU CONFERENCE: The delegates *from left to right*—MM. Boissard, Mariner, Dupuis, Aubert, Rueff, Bizot, Parmentier, Basdevant, Laval, Buisson, Rist and Pell, grouped round a table in the saloon to discuss reparations and other financial matters

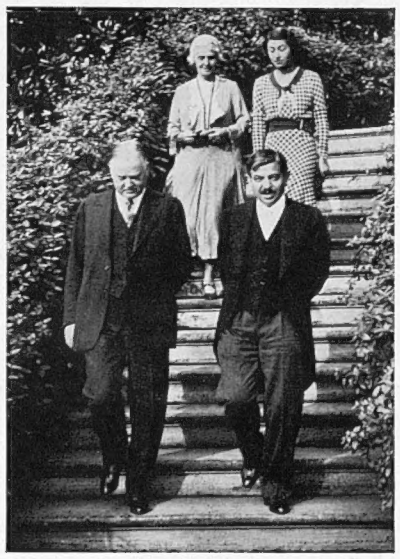
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS: Mlle Josée Laval, the daughter of the French Premier, plays deck-tennis—a variety of the *jeu de paume* played with rings and no racquets—on board

WHO TOLD THAT ONE! Mlle Laval and Miss R. Claudel share a joke while "making the Grand Tour" of the *Ile de France*

EXERCISE TO KEEP FIT: M. Laval circled the deck of the *Ile de France* even as folk of less responsible and exalted positions. By this means he kept fit for his arduous conferences with President Hoover with regard to possible concessions to Germany

ARRIVAL: M. Laval and his daughter greeted on their arrival by many U.S. notables who escorted them up the Bay. The Premier left at once for Washington

SURVEYING THE NEW WORLD from the Empire State building—a tour on which M. Laval was escorted by ex-Presidential Candidate, "Al." Smith



CONFERENCE: M. Laval with Mr. Hoover discusses the possibility of extending German credits, while Mrs. Hoover and Mlle Laval bring up the rear

THE DEPARTURE: M. and Mlle Laval with Mr. Walker, Mayor of New York, leave America after an unsatisfactory series of financial conferences

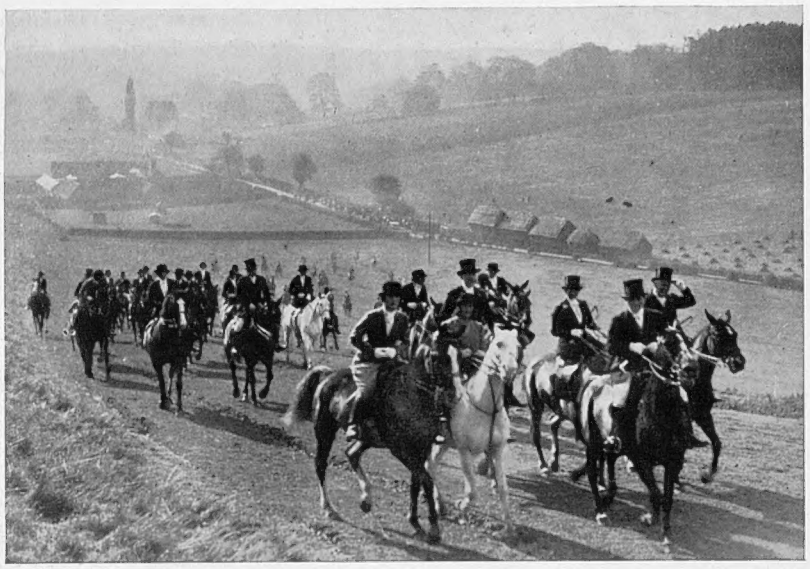
HOMEWARD BOUND: An aerial view of S.S. *Ile de France* arriving at Le Havre. M. Laval received a tumultuous welcome, for the people of France heartily sympathize with his inflexible attitude to potential leniency to Germany

THE END OF THE TOUR: M. Laval, who stated in the U.S.A. that any suggestion for leniency in the matter of reparations must emanate from Germany herself, poses for a sound film on his arrival at Le Havre

AGAIN ON HIS NATIVE SOIL: M. Laval descends the gangway after his strenuous, but nugatory, trip for financial conferences to America

HUNTING BEGINS

Opening Meets All Over the Country



THE FIELD MOVES OFF: The opening moment of the opening meet of the Old Berkeley. This was held at Latimer House, Chesham—one of the loveliest parts of Bucks. The field is seen moving off to the first covert

THE OPENING MEET OF THE QUORN: The field moves off to draw Gartree Hill after the meet at Kirby Gate, Melton Mowbray. The Quorn is one of the most exclusive of hunts and has at its disposal some of the finest hunting country in England. The Prince of Wales often hunts with this pack

THE BEAUTY OF THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE seen to the most perfect advantage during the opening meet of the Old Berkeley. The meet was held at Latimer House, Chesham, in the foothills of the Chilterns. Autumn in the last days of October was seen at its very best—the leaves crisp underfoot or, when yet on the trees, glowing in the warm tones characteristic of the fall of the year. Even those who do not hunt cannot fail to enjoy an æsthetic pleasure from the sight of a meet, in pink coats, black hats, and white breeches, in the brittle autumn sunshine

IN A LOVELY SETTING: Hounds arrive in a lovely vista in Heythrop village during the opening meet of the Heythrop. The country hunted by this pack is round Chipping Norton and includes some of the loveliest scenery in England's "Middle West"—the borders of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire—which is now looking lovely in its ruddy and ochre autumn tints

THE MOST ENGLISH OF ALL THE SPORTS: An exquisite autumnal scene recorded by the camera during the opening meet of the Tedworth Hunt, held at Rainscombe Park, near Marlborough, Wilts. It is at this season of the year that the whole class of hunting folk emerge from a period of sustained lack of interest in life in general and sport in particular—comparable to a summer version of hibernation!—to agree that, after all, there is much to be said for being alive!

M.F.H. AND HIS FAMILY: Lord Melchett (Joint Master) with Lady Melchett and the Hon. Richard Mond at the opening meet of the Tedworth held at Rainscombe Park, near Marlborough, Wilts. Major A. E. Phillips, D.S.O., is the other Joint Master. The Tedworth has delightful country to hunt

The SICKNESS of The T.U.C.

The Crushing Defeat Inflicted on the Would-be Dictators of Britain re-asserts, as did the General Strike, the Hatred of the Public for Tyranny

By J. BAKER WHITE

SOCIALISM VERSUS THE STATE: *A pre-Election clash between the unemployed—who took to the T.U.C. to maintain them in their present state—and the police. The police tore down the Red Flag branished near the British Museum*

Certain years and dates stand out as land-marks in the history of the British trade union movement. In 1867 the first central association of trade unions came into being; the next year saw the formation of the body the nation now knows as the Trade Union Congress. In August, 1920, this body challenged the Constitution and the authority of the State with a Council of Direct Action. The challenge was repeated on Black Friday, April 15, 1921, and on Labour Day, May 1, 1926. The nation did not forget these challenges to constitutional rule. Last week the British people decided that they would continue to be governed by their elected representatives in the House of Commons, not by a body of trade union leaders in the board-room of the T.U.C. offices in Transport House. October 27, 1931, may well prove as memorable a day in the history of the trade unions as it will in the history of Britain. Sixty-four years—1867–1931—of organised labour. Years of great progress, great trials, and sacrifices; of great follies, lost opportunities, and a crowning blunder.

The foundations of the Trade Union Congress were laid in 1867. In that year five trade union leaders formed themselves into a "Conference of Amalgamated Trades." Those men, William Allan, George Odger, Robert Applegarth, Daniel Guile, and Edwin, Coulson were known as the "Junta." They attempted to act as the central body for a few trade unions weak in numbers and isolated in action. Sixty-four years later another trade union "junta," representing over three-and-a-half millions of wage-earners, strove to become the virtual dictators of Britain! The first Trade Union Congress, called by the Manchester and Salford Trades Council, met at Manchester in Whit-week, 1868. It was attended by thirty-four delegates representing 118,300 organized workers. It is interesting that political organizations were strongly represented at this first congress. At the second congress the political representation was even stronger, and a Parliamentary Committee was appointed to carry out the decisions of the Congress.

The early trade union leaders were not Socialists. Many of them were individualists, supporters of the Liberal Party and the doctrine of *laissez-faire*. So with the rise of Socialism from the time of the trade depression of 1878, there came a struggle for supremacy in the T.U.C. Within the last ten years the Trade Union Congress has passed resolution after resolution demanding shorter hours, bigger wages, and the nationalization of industry and land. The history of the early days of Congress shows that resolutions in favour of "Land Nationalization" were defeated again and again, and the principle was not definitely adopted until 1888. The legal regulation of hours was also opposed by the older school of union leaders, and it was not until 1890 that a resolution for an Eight Hours Bill was adopted. From 1870 to 1890 labour individualism fought a grim battle with Socialism. The politicians won. Congress ceased to be "Labour," and became "Socialist."

In 1887 Keir Hardie, the apostle of modern Socialism, appealed for "independent Labour representation" in Parliament, but without result. But in 1893 Congress voted for a special fund to support candidates who subscribe to the Socialist maxim, "collective ownership and control of the means of production, distribution, and exchange." No fund was set up, but Socialist propaganda was having effect, and in 1898 the Chairman of the Congress, attended by 406 delegates representing 188 unions and 1,184,000 workers, proposed the establishment of a committee to draft a scheme of political organization for the trade unions. The next year a committee was set up, on which were representatives not only of the trade unions, but of the I.L.P., the Fabian Society, and the Social Democratic Federation. This was the Labour Representation Committee, which eventually became the Labour Party. Thus did the Socialist "intelligentsia" first get their grip on the trade unions.

From 1900 to 1913 the T.U.C. steadily increased in strength and influence, and the politicians equally increased their hold on the movement. In 1913 Congress made its first big experiment in strike strategy. It intervened in the great strike in Dublin, though not in sympathy with the policy of those directing this long and bitter battle. It sent over delegations to negotiate for a settlement, and it also despatched shiploads of food for the strikers and their families. This was the first occasion on which the Co-operative Wholesale Society was recognized as part of the trade union machine.

Then came the War, and it is to the credit of the T.U.C. that it played its part in the administration of the nation. A trade unionist and a former member of the T.U.C., the Right Hon. G. N. Barnes, became the first Pensions Minister, and the trade unions had definite functions as public institutions. The War also brought Congress an enormous increase in affiliated membership, from 2,000,000 in 1913 to 6,500,000 in 1920. It is significant that this great increase in membership took place at a time when the Socialist politicians were temporarily out of the picture. The great slump set in with their return.

DO YOU REMEMBER THE GENERAL STRIKE OF 1926? *When the T.U.C. endeavoured to assume the functions of King, Lords Temporal and Spiritual and Commons, petrol and pluck were the two things which, assisted by wireless, helped to render abortive the Trades Union Congress' great attempt at tyranny. This picture recalls vividly the days when 'buses—driven by undergraduates—were few and far between but every car was an improvised public vehicle, and the work of the nation—though at a stupendous, needless, and vain sacrifice—was carried on by the indomitable courage of the British public*

MR. ARTHUR HAYDAY, *Chairman of the T.U.C., who was defeated by a majority of 5,633*

MR. CITRINE, *General Secretary of the T.U.C., was precluded from standing at this Election by his position*

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MOMENTS in LONDON

Autumnal Activity in Hyde Park: A French Wrestler Arrives: A Triple Car Crash

● LADIES AND "GENTLEMEN A'BOWLING"—HOOPS! While sportsmen regard "The Twelfth" and other kindred dates with keen anticipation, the kiddies in Hyde Park look with joy to the opening of the hoop-bowling season—a symptom of the crisp, cool autumn days that have delighted us all for the last week or two

● "THEY ALSO *RIDE* WHO NOW BUT STAND AND WAIT"! Rotten Row, in this age when Youth is given a far-flung fling, is crowded with horsemen and horsewomen who have not yet attained their teens. It is believed that such exercise will help to make Britain an A 1 — instead of the pre-War C 3 nation

● "BOGEY" IN BLUE! Mlle Diana Esmond, the famous French lady golfer, the daughter of the French millionaire racehorse owner, was involved in a triple smash in Hyde Park a few days ago. Mlle Esmond is seen above giving the inevitable particulars of the accident to the police constable on duty at the end of Rotten Row

● A VICTIM OF AN UNREHEARSED EFFECT: Miss Margaret Binner who, while playing at the Gate Theatre, fell into the auditorium and broke a bone in her ankle. She is seen during convalescence with her mother watching the riders in Hyde Park

● KISS-AS-KISS-CAN! M. François Berthod, heavy-weight wrestling champion of France, who met and defeated Jack Ansell at the London Sports Club, Baker Street, last week, greets — with Gallic fervour and a half-Nelson touch — a friend on his arrival at St. Pancras

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SOPHISTICATION APES THE INGENUOUS: The Bright Young People, many of whom are now approaching middle life, may, in the sobriety and seriousness of to-day, look back with amazed disdain at their more regrettable antics of the past—of which such sullying of the charm of childhood is, perhaps, the most unsympathetic example

A FAREWELL TO

Unmourned, the Turbulent Period of Post-War Ebullience is to give place to the Newer Sanity born of Responsibility Order and Decorum which fundamentally dwell in the Heart

Occasionally one awakes to the fact that something big had been happening, perhaps for quite a while, without your being conscious of it—or at most, hazily so. It may be that one is jerked to attention by some crashing event. That is, I submit, what has now occurred. We have reached the end of an epoch: October 27, the agency of our full awakening. We have said good-bye to the "post-war decade," "the jazz age," call it what you will. We are leaving this last dozen years of astonishing phenomena as definitely behind us as, in 1914, we left the world of that day. Soon we should be looking back upon the period between us and Armistice with much the same objective detachment we've grown accustomed to bestow on the pre-war era.

The thing hasn't happened overnight. A different world has been approaching for some time. If one could erect a monument to the post-war era I suppose it should read: "Died, Wall Street, September, 1929, aged ten years." Yet it did not perish directly then—there was a projection into 1930, and even 1931. Now we have had to pull up whether we like it or not. Yet if unquestionably the financial and economic blight directly called this halt, put a term to the orgy of exaggeration and recklessness, it may be also that people were widely getting tired of "the jazz age" in itself; there's always a 6 a.m. feeling even to the longest party.

What will the glut of post-War books of ten years on say of it all? Of the feverish craving for distraction at all costs, and dizzy parting with money as soon as one got it? Of the sense of futility abroad, of why worry about anything? Of the shrieking publicity and crazy ostentation drenched with vulgarity? Of the garishness, the din for din's sake, the forced eccentricity, the tense, high-pitched nervous note, the niggers and saxophones and sustained "whoopee"? The get-rich-quick, the fury of speculation, the chronic restlessness, the dance dementia, the *simply marvellous* speech, the pyjamas of Juan, the bottle parties? The super-luxury everything, the feather-brained film idolatry, the crudeness, the rudeness of life, its brazen cynicism, sustained loudness of hue and texture; the throwing of reticence to the winds, the Blah Young People, the telling the world, the irresponsible living on the morrow, the spuriousness, the artificiality, the false bottom to it all? The uglification, insensate production, newspaper exaggeration, deluge of American bars?

One could go on indefinitely digging out characteristics of the age that is no more. (I haven't even mentioned cocktails or night clubs or that fearful fashion decree which sent dresses above the knee). Lots of these things are still with us, of course (the bottles and the pyjamas, for instance), yet the whole business is toning down, moving into a lesser key.

How much of it was of American stimulation! America looms largely in this sketching. The post-War era just suited her to a "t"—was her natural element. We in Europe were on the light-headed side, anyway, even left to ourselves. But that U.S. invasion which went on for years! What could one do about it? Simply succumb.

Almost the only things the Americans have kept to themselves are Al Capone and Debts. Their Prohibition or, rather, their uninhibited behaviour over here, was duly communicated, sowing demoralization and giving us such spectacles as young ladies getting "lit up" at parties. Moreover, directly traceable to the United States are those two factors which, you might say, orchestrate the whole—the wild inflation of stocks and production without rhyme or reason. At one period in 1928 there were 70,000,000 Americans out of 110,000,000 "playing the stock-markets," and never paying up, just owing interest on their losses. We caught that bacillus, as we also contracted baleful Fordism. One can forgive our cousins much, but hardly their letting machines out of control. This was done without a moment's thought, their noses glued to the windowpane of immediate returns. And, of course, it spread.

Nearer home, the monetary chaos in the beaten lands was a big contributing factor to the temporary insanity of the times. What was the use in saving when you didn't know if it would be worth a bean the following morning? These countries of Central Europe became preserves of every form of excess, the natives joined in with a will when they could, but which were principally retained for victorious millionaires of the rate of exchange. It used to be humiliating to the human species to see Germans and Austrians humbly collecting the equivalent of cents and pence in return for major services—for a whole meal, maybe, and the finest on the menu. The topsy-turvy period of the exchanges—when such things could occur as a Detroit salesman claiming the prettiest girl in a Berlin cabaret for half a dollar, and boasting of it—shook one's faith in things in general and thereby added to the hectic round. The chaotic state of Europe promoted a deep instability in the private lives of people. A further factor hinged on the inability of men to get jobs and the permanent uncertainty surrounding the tenure of the ones they managed to obtain. Young men grew up—and plunged into the whirl, there being nothing for them to step into, as in the old days.

The pagan wave of crude materialism running through the period originated, naturally, in the tremendous release of Armistice. The War had given everyone appetite to grasp the movement. Here it was. And here, also, was money—money seemed to come from nowhere most of the time. Gold streaming this way and that. Or, more precisely, tempests of paper, eddying. Here was a whole world to rebuild. A whole world to supply with cars, with everything. Who shouldn't have money? (How long would the boom times last? What did that matter?) The French, I see, are thus early regretting the good old post-War days when *le commerce* marched with a swing. And well they may, for the tourist avalanche apart, they rebuilt half their country and "patient Hamburg oxen" paid in kind or coin.

As the gigantic process of reconstruction and development expanded, it was a case of easy money all round, and the new rich lost no time in acquiring the loudest of everything and in behaving in the loudest manner. Symptoms common to Europe and America as a whole, yet probably more blatant in France than anywhere else. Yes, Paris was the cockpit of the epoch. One exaggerated elsewhere. In Paris one super-exaggerated. One had to, in order to retain the customs of emotionally-parched Americans. It was a serious day for Paris when, some years ago, the news circulated that Berlin had got naughtier, *much* naughtier. Actually, Paris had grown so jaded as to be obviously and painfully acting a part, whereas Berlin offered Freudian frolic fresh and peppy. Alas walk down the Kurfürstendamm or up the rue Pigall to-day. . . . "Whoopee, napoo!" In Berlin they are down to the bed-rock business of scrounging enough to eat. Paris night-life has been killed stone dead by the forced U.S. secession which more than anything else broke up the outward and visible sign of the jazz age in Europe.

There was this also; no sooner did the American Experiment show signs of gaping fissures than Europe began to discard almost disdainfully much of what had been imported. It was no longer *chic* to "be American." And with that state of mind, there went a great deal.

On left—THE AGE OF JAZZ: Litter was not limited to the "hoi polloi" on the picnic fields, but was more pronounced in the ballrooms and restaurants patronized by the aristocracy of wealth. The decorations—fittingly enough—seem (especially on the morning of the night before) tawdry, ephemeral, polychromatic, and ugly

On the night of War, Sir Edward Grey, gazing out over Whitehall, reflected that the lamps in Europe were going out one by one. Hollywood has a phrase for the hectic night life—"the bright lights." These, also, are now going out one by one. In the capitals of the Continent, as in London and New York itself, the Texas Guinans of the dawn are wringing their hands. And scarce a gigolo in all the land.

"Pity the poor gigolo, for his
was a sorry case
He had to depend for his
livelihood on her with the
lifted face."

The sight of "raised" flappers on the dance floor has mercifully ceased to be, and so the gigolo is one of the big woundeds of a long list of casualties. Incidentally, how greatly these Voronoff females kept such places going is evidenced by their plight now. It is all very

JAZZ . . .

passing into Oblivion, and grounded in the of every Englishman

By FERDINAND TUOHY

sad, of course, yet how could one have thought it would go on indefinitely? Even if there hadn't come these earnest times, the War generation, which had always led the dance, was rapidly growing tired.

I have been trying to think out which was the utmost expression of the jazz epoch now closed for ever. Perhaps it was Deauville in 1926, when the franc crashed. When pekinese wore pearls at the throat and pretty ladies lit cigarettes with 50 franc notes. That summer ostentation touched zenith. There are few things which can grate like *le snobbisme*, which has nothing to do with snobs. Only the French have the secret. That was also the year when it was common to see 10 and 20,000,000 francs staked on the big table in the so-called "private" room.

While all the crazy American exportation was taking root in our daily lives—not that we didn't welcome-most of it, being of the mood—an international political revue, whose principal scenes were conference on conference, now with Cannes as drop-piece, now Spa or San Remo, did not cease to be enacted, and was thoroughly in harmony with the period. No such caravan was ever seen before nor e'er shall be again. There comes back a vision of Mr. Lloyd George explaining to correspondents his would-be deal with Rathenau, to the air of "Violetta,' emanating from the lounge of the Carlton at Cannes—

La-la la la-la la la-la

"The proposal is to take German bonds. . . ."

The augmenting disillusionment spreading from these pow-wows, the rising of forces such as Fascism and Bolshevism, the gradual revelation of the Continent as being in little less than a state of suppressed war, produced a feeling of insecurity, of no-confidence-in-anything, which fed fuel to the flame. On with the dance! There can rarely if ever have been a like period of crumbled beliefs, of darkest pessimism, and of shattered standards and values. It is rather remarkable that we are regaining poise at all. Heaven knows, we have vast enough legacies of the lately departed epoch still to contend with, sufficient to tempt us, too, to throw in our hand cynically. Yet the reverse appears to be happening.

Transitional symptoms of the edging towards a more sober pattern of existence are not difficult to come by. There is the general quickening to the problems of the day. All through the defunct post-War period we just drifted, the majority of the public bored to tears. To-day people want to know the truth about such matters as the Soviet; they are interested—realize they are living in extraordinarily interesting if perilous times. Professor Zimmern says we are entering on the decisive events of the century.

Time was when the spectacle of France and America rolling bullion barrels to and fro would have made us laugh. It doesn't any longer. It is a farce, perhaps the last farce, but so serious. A feeling is abroad that things do matter, after all, and such assuredly never was a popular belief in the jazz years. Another reaction from past light-headedness may be seen in the remarkable vogue of books about science and the universe and ourselves—serious subjects—and in the conquering wireless—informing, entertaining in conditions of repose.

Hoppe

THE GOD OF THE JAZZ AGE: The negro saxophonist, purveying with alternating ecstasy and cynicism, the throbbing, intoxicating rhythms originally based on Voodoo and the jungle; whose functioning medium is sound, signifying at once melancholy and gaiety; who attempts to conceal his negroid origin beneath a dinner jacket, and who fulfils the cynical aphorism that every age creates in its own image the god it adores

The growing demand for sensible talkies and the interest in news reels are symptomatic. If anything were synonymous with the crazy years it was Hollywood, saturating us all with eternal films depicting a world which seemed never to cease throwing paper streamers over cabaret girls. This was "life" Out went the audience and did likewise. *Trader Horns* are wanted now. And a really eloquent symptom of calmer times ahead I came across at the Paris Motor Salon, where I was told that "*la frénésie de la vitesse a vécu.*" Henceforward they were going in for comfort in their models.

If the frantic tearing here and there does not slow down, and not only in cars but socially, the imported U.S. ideal of "Speed for Speed's Sake" will also have lived. Certainly there is evidence in the hiking vogue—staple of tranquillity—that the jarring din, the living on one's nerves, have produced a reaction. And consider the sun-bathing cult—lying out in a state of torpor hour after hour. What could be calmer than that? There's the width of heaven between the Riviera of to-day and, say, ten years back. You no longer go there to riot and gamble—another casualty, the tables—but to lie out on the golden grill of Juan or somewhere, doing, thinking absolutely nothing. For simplicity the scene would challenge Trianon itself, albeit a certain nudity might have shocked Marie Antoinette, who, moreover, might not have been "right" for pyjamas. Still, that would have been her funeral, as, indeed, it is the funeral of many others.

Perhaps, on the whole, Juan should be listed as a hangover from the jazz period. Those pyjama designs are decisive. Here is wild exaggeration still. And even *garçonnes*, whom one thought interred. In Paris the fashion for women to look like vicious schoolboys has died the death. Frenchmen desire their women to look, talk, behave like women and to be womanly to the touch. *Garçonnes* now draw mirth, which annoys them exceedingly.

IN DAYTIME OR NIGHT the fashion of the age—now, providentially, passing—decreed that the maximum of limb consistent with a still lingering sense of decent reticence should be displayed—irrespective of the limbs' suitability!

Further evidence of the new epoch may be espied in the literary and artistic fields. Perhaps Priestley as much as anybody in English gave the *coup de grâce* to the introspective, sex-probing school, stripping stark, analysing their complexes and inhibitions, and finishing up by being just boring. Then there is the fate of the Unintelligibles, both of pen and palette. This racket, I fear, is in for a poorish winter. One can now penetrate the Dome at Montparnasse and proclaim, with your beverage order, "and I don't understand a thing Gertrude Stein ever wrote, so there!" and not bring down a ton of *soucoupes*.

I'm not so sure you couldn't even do it with James Joyce who, in his latest, *Anna Livia Plurabelle*, has hidden away the names of 500 rivers in the brief text in the hope that some day a distant goat-herd may distinguish his own flowing brook. This (says J. J.) would put the author in artistic seventh heaven. Joyce is now writing a tome on what it feels like falling asleep. What a pity the old American newspaper millionaire Pulitzer is no longer living! He'd have loved it. He used to pay yearly salaries to Oxford dons to read him to sleep, muttering "mumble" as oblivion stole on . . . but this is heresy; and J. J. from my home town

In painting, the self-same trend sanitywards. No longer is it remunerative to see women only with elephantiasis or to twirl on a series of curves and cubes and say, "That's 'Cleopatra Being Fresh'—take it or leave it!" A defined tendency to accept the second alternative is bearing fruit. I am not sure what, if anything, came after Sur-realism, but it's moribund also.

As for music, there is soothing Viennese far and wide in the room of the saxophone St. Vitus we endured so long. All over the Continent, as here, the Danube is flowing in bountiful melody. In the matter of decorative design and architecture, things are a trifle other; many relics of jazz art must remain with us yet awhile. People cannot afford to alter them. But, oh, how they do regret them! And none more so than the fools who built repellent hostelleries all over France for the motoring age. The food was just for

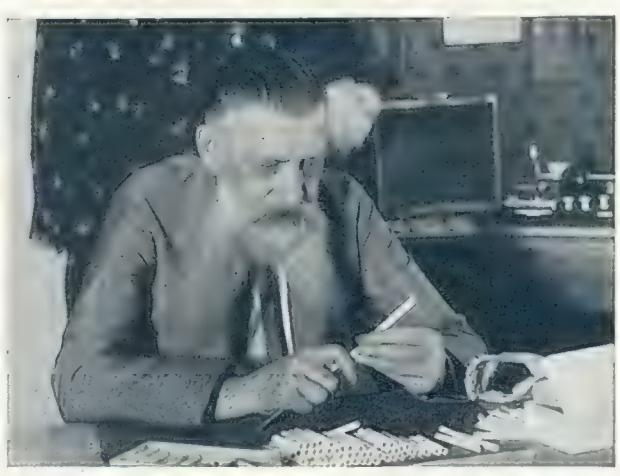
(Continued on p. 250)

"LOOK UPON THIS PICTURE— —AND ON THIS":

Madame von Gleboff, seen in the heyday of her pre-war Slavonic splendour with her husband, Lord Chamberlain von Gleboff, appears on the right in the Brummagem gems of a studio aristocrat. Her only post-revolution livelihood is "playing atmosphere"—i.e. doing crowd work on the screen. The tragic years between lie graven on her face

PRIDE GOETH EVER— —BEFORE A FALL:

Colonel von Nerinowsky in the panoply of full dress uniform of a colonel of the Elizabeth City Hussars—a position of luxury, with servants galore—is now in the Berlin Hospital Barracks for war invalids. His quarters have shrunk to one cubicle and he has to cook his own simple fare; his glamorous uniform is now changed to that of a private



COMMANDER OF MEN— —AND SERVANT OF MEN:

Colonel von Fuss, seen in the service uniform of the Commander of the Alexander III Uhlans (under Kerensky and Lenin in the left-hand picture), the position he held before the tragic collapse of the old order in 1917, is now employed by a cigarette factory. As a concession to his former rank, he is allowed to work in his own very humble home

"SO NIGH IS GRANDEUR— —TO OUR DUST":

Captain of Cossacks Sachno-Ustimowitsch, who once wore the brilliant and picturesque uniform of Adjutant to the Ataman (Commander) of the crack Tersky Cossack Regiment, is now a pastry-chef in a small Berlin restaurant

"HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN"

Russian "Emigrés" in their Post-Revolution Tragedy

While it would be idle to pretend that the Tsarist Russian colony in Paris remains the cohesive whole it once was, hanging together in nostalgic reverie over its lost everything, or, by contrast, bursting out into wild escapes from depression, nevertheless one whole quarter of the city is still given over almost entirely to the outcasts and is well worth looking up, for you don't have go go out beyond the "fortiffs" (razed fortifications) or anything like that. You just search out the 15th Arrondissement behind the Invalides and ask for *la Russie*. And you will come upon whole streets, whole blocks of flats, exclusively inhabited by refugees, mostly of good family and now working hard for any sort of a living they can earn. They possess their own shops and cafés—where the steaming samovar is ever to the fore or the *petit verre* of vodka—and you will come upon restaurant on restaurant where bortsch is to be had in native style. Russians have always liked Paris, and Parisians have always liked Russians, so that this outcast colony will probably prevail even through the severe unemployment days ahead for the Republic, and when a good deal of other foreign labour will assuredly be dispensed with.

There is no doubt, however, that progressively as Stalin sits as surely as his predecessor, hope is being abandoned by these white exiles of ever seeing their native land again, with the result that more and more are allowing the tide of French life to close around them. A major cause of disintegration is marriage. The women marry Frenchmen and become French; and most Russian men marry French-women and become to all intents and purposes French, and bring up their children as such. After all, a dozen years have passed since most of these exiles streamed up to Paris from Constantinople, where we brought them in battleships from the Crimea—I recall watching the disembarkation of one whole feminine cruiser-load, chiefly of officers' families, who were transferred by the hundred to the island of Prinkipo.

I know of one surviving White organization in Paris—that of former Cossack officers who have a club and still call it "Petrograd," and who pay periodic visits of obeisance to "Tsar" Kyrill at St. Briac, near Dinard. These officers are all in jobs, the majority as taxi-drivers, though some are getting on in years now. They are easily discernible from the native chauffeurs and are less inclined to treat fares as parasitical *bourgeois*. Sometimes they run badly amok—the old story of the Russki rushing from gloom to the heights. And many are still so patriotic that they decline fares to the Soviet Embassy.

A fair few exiles are engaged in night places, in choirs, and as janitors and waiters, but the thin times being what they are, such jobs are being steadily lost. A considerable number are highly satisfactory workmen in suburban factories, having shown marked ingenuity in a variety of mechanical jobs. Clerical work has also absorbed its quota though not so many, the Russian nature chafing under the monotony and tameness of the office stool.

It suits an exiled White much better to be careering round the streets at the wheel of a taxi (and they do career). A percentage of the women are with well-known *couturières*—some have set up in the dressmaking business themselves, showing an artistic *flair*. And then there are the Russian "eat places" up at Montparnasse, freely patronized by Americans, but staffed by the exiles. Chiefly male, though one misses the delectable waitresses of Stamboul, 1920.

Moneyed French families and titled people, when they can afford to, have made a point of taking elderly refugees into their service. One hears of princes who are butlers, but there were so many princes in the Russia of the Tsars. Another sphere in which these adaptable people have made good is in decorating. It is all to their honour that you rarely if ever hear of a Russian *gigolo*. I have known of cases of wonderful fellows benefiting considerably from the company of rich American women—I recall one black prince, he always wore all-black, who never would take off his hat at a party because others present were not of his rank—but, generally speaking, these exiles, young and old, and wrenched for ever from all they stood for and loved, have gone in for men's jobs. It may be breeding speaking.

There is almost as large a colony on the Riviera, including 6,000 round Nice alone. A friend of mine, Colonel Waldemar, is concierge of an English block of flats there. He holds a string of decorations which he never wears. And he's quite happy. One might well take him as embodying the type as a whole.

F. T.

• HITLER—

• Mussolini of Germany Aiming at Dominion

When the "Nazis"—following the meteoric rise of that amazing movement—adopted the shirts, salutes, mass parades, and flags which the world regards as the hallmarks of Italian Fascism, foreign opinion saw in Adolf Hitler, the German Mussolini, who would, when the hour struck, mobilize his Brown Shirts, march on Berlin, and seize power by the threat of civil war.

Adolf Hitler is, in the language of the psychologists, a "Mussolini plus." He possesses the ruthlessness and the organizing ability of the Fascist leader. From Ludendorff and German history he learned the power of disciplined force. The Nazis may commit murder, but always "according to plan." They are never out of hand. He is a powerful orator, a mighty worker, and a perfervid patriot "with East Prussia and the Polish Corridor on the brain." But these qualities would not have sufficed to make Hitlerism the force it is to-day had its architect not developed one other quality to a degree akin to genius.

Hitler is the master showman of modern Europe with a flair for framing a popular appeal unsurpassed even by Mussolini. To that showmanship the Nazis owe their growth from seven members in 1919 to 600,000 to-day, with a voting strength numbered in millions and a parliamentary power which, when embraced in uneasy alliance with the two forces of the right—Herr Hugenberg's Nationalists and Herr Seldte's Stahlhelms—could challenge the power of the constitution and come within twenty-five votes of overthrowing the Brüning Government and consigning Germany and all her problems to the melting pot. Twenty-five little shopkeepers, members of the Economic Party, robbed Hitlerism of power in October, and parliament was promptly prorogued until next February. Zero hour for the master showman has not yet struck—but millions of Germans outside the ranks of the Nazis believe that strike it must. When the hour comes a new Germany will be born, led by a man new to the world stage and preaching a gospel which, if not modified, will "throw a monkey-wrench into the machinery of civilization."

In 1923 an alliance was formed between the Hitlerites and General Ludendorff's *Volkische* party, which presaged the abortive *putsch* and "march on Berlin." Hitler, misjudging the situation and thereby revealing his limitations as a politician at that time (he is more experienced to-day), believed that his hour had struck and proclaimed himself "dictator." The German Government remained unmoved, ordered his arrest, and sentenced him to cool his heels in a fortress for five years. Once whatever danger had existed was over, the authorities acted with wise clemency, and twelve months later, in December, 1924, Hitler was released.

Thereafter, he devoted himself to the building up of a political movement that would be powerful enough to seize power and hold it. Remembering the abortive *putsch* of 1923, he set out to plan a seizure of power which, if not bloodless—there were 300 political murders in Germany last year, to which the Nazis contributed their fair share, and their casualties in street fighting are fifty a day—at least prefers to use the weapons of patriotism, and the ballot box, unless and until they have proved to be mere obstructions on the inevitable path to Berlin. But, like a wise strategist, while using his Nazi forces as a propagandist machine and a counter-force to the Communists, he saw in those disciplined ranks the new "steam-roller" that would, if other methods failed, one day crush opposition and carry the Nazi standards—topped by Roman eagles—to the seat of power.

How well Hitler has succeeded the world has learned. Only a handful of votes saved Hindenburg from the dilemma of sending for the Nazi leader in October, with all the consequences that would have followed for Germany. In February, or by the next elections at the latest, if the Nationalist alliance holds, that narrow margin may have melted away and those who treat with Germany may find themselves face to face with the former house-painter across the conference table.

And always the Nazi leaders assure their supporters that the violent overthrow of the "Marxist" Republic will put everything right.

"The war is not over—it is in abeyance while Germany rises from her ashes," shouts Hitler. And millions believe him.

Hitlerism is a gamble. If, when the hour strikes for the Nazis to put their programme into operation, other nations vitally concerned refuse to discuss the sweeping reversal of the facts of history, what then? Could Hitler make war with a disarmed nation? Or would he remodel his programmes—trim his sails to the prevailing wind as he does when facing audiences to-day?

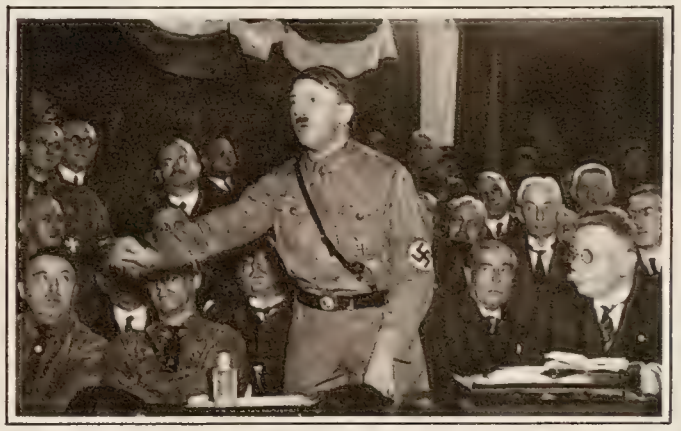
If it comes to a fight with Communism, the youthful Nazi army will fight, and Europe will applaud its patriotism. If it means the overthrow of the present Government and the dictatorship of Adolf Hitler, they will fight for that too without question, though they may live to regret it. The military tradition is stronger than the parliamentary tradition in Germany. The delay in introducing a democratic franchise may yet produce bitter fruit for the much-tried German people.

H. H. Tiltman

THE NAPOLEONIC REST: An unrehearsed picture of the Nazi leader, who is here seen snatching a short nap while driving (in the front seat) on one of his many propaganda rides. He has the Edisonian and Napoleonic gift of being able to sleep at will and, after a few moments' repose, to awake, a giant refreshed, to confront new problems

THE STAFF WORK OF THE NAZIS: A scene in the file rooms of the Brown House in which more than thirty male and female clerks are constantly employed. Twenty-two safes are used to guard the files in which records of personnel and stores and the plans for the—as some think—inevitable *putsch* are kept

THE MAN AND HIS BANNER: Adolf Hitler leaving the Brown House on which the Imperial eagle ensigning the wreathed Swastika mounts emblematic guard



THE GREATEST DEMAGOGUE IN THE WORLD: Hitler in the course of delivering one of his orations which run the gamut of emotion from hymns of hate to pæans of praise; from economic to patriotic rhapsody

STANDARDS OF THE NATIONALISTS: The new banners dedicated at Brunswick. The Swastika is sable on argent, the motto "Germany Awake." The crest is a Swastika circled with a wreath ensigned of an Imperial eagle with wings inverted and displayed. The Hitler Fascists wear brown shirts—not black

GETTING MARRIED *at* ST. MARGARET'S

The Frantic Stress of a Fashionable Marriage and the Charm of the Most Popular Church for Society Weddings

By CHARLES GRAVES

It is pretty safe to say that every unmarried girl hopes that she will hear her own wedding bells one day, and that to most of them St. Margaret's, Westminster, is the high-water-mark of enviable smartness. It was there, after all, that Lady Louis Mountbatten, the Duchess of Beaufort, Lady Elizabeth York, and countless other well-knowns were married. But the average man, I fancy, does not mind very much where his marriage takes place. He usually has the sense to realize that he is the least important person at the ceremony and, indeed, is only tolerable because he acts as a foil to the beauty of his bride and his bride's wedding dress.

Speaking as an old St. Margarettian myself—it really surprises me that no one has founded a mixed club or society for those who were married there—I can remember remarkably little of my own wedding. For the life of me I could not have told you whether there was any music played at all—until I became vaguely conscious of the Wedding March. Faintly I can recall that Rudyard Kipling was one of those who signed the register, and that I did not quite know at which stage to get up from the kneeling position in front of the altar. But that is all. Of the wedding reception at Grosvenor Square afterwards, and the weeks of writing invitations and thank-you letters previously, I can remember everything.

THE BRIDESMAIDS *who invariably create an atmosphere of gracious and picturesque charm. This picture was taken at the wedding of Mr. Peter Horlick and Miss Rosemary Nichol, one of the most recent Society marriages to be celebrated at St. Margaret's, Westminster*

It was only last week that I returned to the scene to jog my memory and to renew my acquaintance with Miss Austin, the Dean of Westminster's charming and indefatigable wedding-secretary. Miss Austin, I believe, is really one of the chief secrets of St. Margaret's popularity as a place for weddings. As I entered, Mr. Peter Horlick, who was being married next day to Miss Rosemary Nichol, was asking agitatively by which door he should arrive. Miss Austin, who has been used to this kind of thing for twenty years or more, told him gently that he was to enter by the door opposite the House of Commons. How well I remember asking the same question myself!

Meantime, his fiancée was in the nave of the church rehearsing the scene, like so many of her predecessors. Unlike Mr. Horlick, Miss Nichol was as cool as a cucumber. Brides usually are.

A moment or two later her father came in to ask for a copy of the Wedding Service. That brought back memories, too. What should one choose for the overture? What psalm? What hymns? What anthem? Which wedding march? Soon after Mrs. Nichol entered. She was in a hurry to get away to the dozens of last-minute appointments that beset the mother of a St. Margaret's, Westminster, bride. Then the bride herself nonchalantly appeared. By this time the bridegroom's nerves were more apparent than ever. Kissing her *au revoir*, he said, "I don't know when I shall ever see you again." Such is the effect of a fashionable wedding on a prospective bridegroom that he cannot think even twenty-four hours ahead. No wonder he has a best man who thinks of all the final arrangements like the half-dozen passes for the leading motor-cars, so that they can stand near the entrance despite the one-way traffic, or the pin for his wedding garment stock-tie on the morning of the marriage.

Of course, you must have a best man wherever you are married, not to mention ushers and the stag party two nights before. But St. Margaret's, Westminster, is undoubtedly the most fashionable church in London and in its ceremonies are crystallized to the highest degree all the agonies, romance, excitement, as well as the genuine hard work, which is essential to the success of a smart wedding. For a wedding, particularly at St. Margaret's, cannot be expected to run smoothly and prettily without an immense amount of organization. And this, mind you, is despite the invaluable help and patience of Miss Austin, who does everything that can humanly be done to make it a success. Let us start with a fictitious couple, the Lady Hermione Table and Mr. Rupert Saltburn. They have announced their engagement some weeks before and now they want to choose a wedding day.

BEFORE THE MARRIAGE: *The last exodus of the spinster state occurs when the bride leaves the home of her people for the church. This extraordinarily graceful picture shows the dramatic moment as it occurred to the Hon. Sheila Cary, daughter of Lord and Lady Falkland*

On left—THE GUESTS: *A typical group of the contemporaries of bride and groom whose congratulations given in these days of casual informality, must be duly acknowledged; whose acceptances or refusals must be duly filed. This group was taken at the wedding of Mr. Peter Horlick and Miss Rosemary Nichol at St. Margaret's, Westminster*

Their first act is to go down to St. Margaret's between the hours of 2.30 and 4 p.m. and ask for Miss Austin. Miss Austin looks at her diary and finds that the church is already taken for a wedding on the Wednesday they have tentatively selected two months ahead. Tuesday and Thursday are also booked. Would they like the Monday or the Friday? Many of the guests are likely to be away for the week-end and might find it hard to arrive on the Monday, so the Friday is chosen. Several points then arise in rapid succession.

Have they someone to marry them? Or would they like to ask the Dean? The Dean of Westminster, it may be pointed out, must either take the wedding service himself or not at all. In other words, he may not assist any other clergyman. Do they want a fully choral service? Or perhaps they would only like the organist? Or, maybe, only the choir boys and not the tenors and basses? And what about flowers? Shall Miss Austin arrange it for them, or do they want to supply their own? Then there is the question of the carpet. Should it be blue or red? Of course, they will want an awning? And what about the church service? What music, and so on? And which kind

of lettering do they like on the outside of the wedding leaflet? And perhaps the initials of the young couple should be printed at the corners?

By this time the young man is in a state of complete dither. He is then asked whether he is a parishioner of St. Margaret's. The odds are heavily against this, for the parish is tiny. In that case, Miss Austin points out, he must qualify as a parishioner by staying three weeks, or at least three week-ends, inside the prescribed radius which she indicates to him. (There is a short cut past this difficulty. But it is not for me to give it away.) If the service is to be fully choral, Miss Austin points out, it needs to start at 2.30 so that it will be over by 3 p.m. Then, presumably they would like a peal of wedding bells. As to the question of keeping the crowds back, Miss Austin will look after that herself. I mean, that she will order a certain number of constables and an inspector or two, according to the probable size of the crowd. The bill for this, so much per constable, per mounted policeman, and per inspector will be sent in after the wedding. For the others there is a flat rate of payment which only varies according to what you order.

PAGES ARE REPLACING BRIDESMAIDS *more and more—because, Mr. Graves suggests, they make no trouble over the question of frocks! Miss Deirdre and Master Adam Capper are seen above*

As I am, I repeat, an old St. Margaret tian myself, I did not need to ask Miss Austin about this. I had fortunately kept a record of this quaint side-line on the £ s. d. of a St. Margaret's, Westminster, wedding. How it compares with the prices of St. Mark's, North Audley Street; St. George's, Hanover Square; St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and the other smart churches, I do not know. Yet it is certainly very reasonable. I used to think that the actual wedding ceremony alone cost about £250, but a trifle over £60 is all it amounts to, as the following itemised list clearly shows:—

Marriage fees:

	£	s.	d.
Publication of banns before marriage -	0	1	6
The marriage itself -	0	14	1
Ordinary licence -	2	2	0
Special licence - -	4	4	0

NOTE.—In case of special licence the fees are doubled, and the 14s. 1d. becomes 28s. 2d.

Optional expenses:

Full choir and organist - -	23	0	0
Choir boys without organist - -	13	0	0
Organist alone - -	6	6	0
Peal of church bells -	5	5	0
Awning - - -	4	0	0
Blue carpet - -	2	0	0
Red carpet - -	1	0	0
Policeman - -	0	9	0 each

The would-be bride is given the option of only three florists from whom to buy the flowers. These, unless a special request is made for them to go to a hospital, automatically revert to the Deanery after the wedding service. It may be pointed out that there is no fee of £30 for opening the west door, as many people imagine. Nor is it necessary for either the bride or bridegroom to be connected with the House of Commons, even though St. Margaret's is the official church of the House of Commons. Finally, if you want wedding bells, you must be married at 2.15 p.m. so that they do not clash with other chimes.

So much for the first stage in the wedding plans of the Lady Hermione Table and Mr. Rupert Saltburn. They now go home and insert, for the sum of 3 guineas or so, the announcement of the date and place of the wedding. This produces a further crop of inquiries from caterers, insurance agents, photographers, dressmakers, jewellers, milliners, and the like. There will be about fifty of the first, twenty of the second, forty of the third, twenty and ten of the others. A similar number wrote or called in person when the original engagement announcement was made. So they are both used to it. But now that the actual date of the wedding is fixed, a flood of wedding presents pours in. Up to then most of their friends were waiting cautiously to see whether Hermione and Rupert were really engaged to be married, as opposed to being just engaged.

Already both of them have been writing dozens of "thank-yous" for letters of congratulation. Now they have to write dozens of "thank-yous" for presents, and set a room aside for the presents themselves. It is also time to order ten or eleven hundred invitation cards to the wedding. Then they must each write down the name of all the people they want asked to the wedding, to supplement the list of their parents. That is a very tricky business. Obviously they will send invitations to almost everyone who has sent them presents. I say "almost" because there may be certain social climbers who think that by sending a wedding present, however measly, they must automatically be invited. But what about the people they know fairly well, but whom they are afraid of asking because it may look as though they are only inviting them to the wedding in order to extract a wedding present from them?

By this time, of course, the place of the reception will have been decided on. If the bride's mother or other relatives do not possess a house large enough for the guests, three courses are left open to them. They may be able to borrow one from a friend. They may have one of those two or three empty houses in Mayfair and Belgravia which are utilized for just such occasions. Or they may hire part of one of the great hotels. The empty house can usually be secured for £50 a day. This will probably mean £150, as the wedding presents will have to be installed at least a day earlier, and if the wedding reception goes on until 6 p.m., as it usually does, it will take another day to clear the place up. Obviously, a private house belonging to a friend or relative is preferable to a hotel, because there can be no display of the wedding presents in the hotel. And the fact remains that if people know that their gifts will not be publicly exposed, they are not going to be as generous as they would otherwise. By the same token, friends and relatives undoubtedly prefer to be invited to St. Margaret's, Westminster, with all its glamour and excitement.

MARRIED: *The most dramatic moment of youthful life The picture shows The Hon. Antonia Benson, daughter of Lord and Lady Charnwood, and Mr. John Tennant*

And so the frantic two months go by, with the choice of bridesmaids, pages, bridesmaids' frocks and bridesmaids' presents, pages' uniforms, and pages' presents, not to mention the wedding gown itself. I suspect that the reason why so many of the brides of St. Margaret's who have been married during the past few months decided to have only child attendants was because the latter do not argue so much as to the choice of gowns and bouquets and the rest. All the time, too, the acceptances of the wedding guests must be filed and kept apart from those who cannot come.

Honeymoon plans must also be fixed. Can the bride and bridegroom make a quick dash from the reception and catch the 4 p.m. boat train to Paris? Or perhaps they will charter an aeroplane from Croydon. Usually they are too coy to do the sensible thing and stay in London until the following day, in case they are seen that evening. And what of the house or flat in which they are going to live afterwards?

No wonder, when Lady Hermione Table and Mr. Rupert Saltburn finally appear at St. Margaret's, that

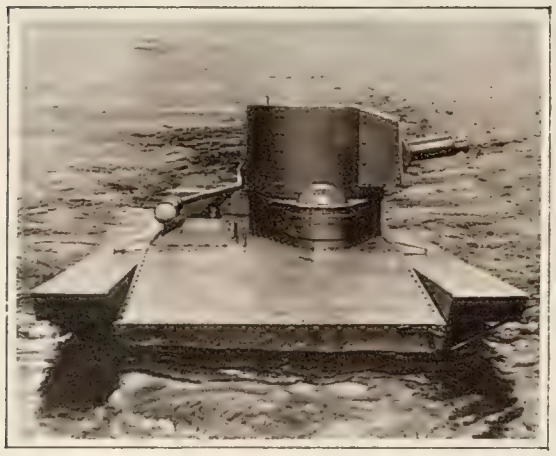
(Continued on p. 250)

On right — AFTER THE MARRIAGE: *The bride has a little difficulty with her veil in a high wind—an incident on the wedding day of Mr. Noel and Miss Wendy Whitworth. Such minor difficulties may amuse, but, in the atmosphere of strain attendant on a society wedding, are likely to mar the entire day*

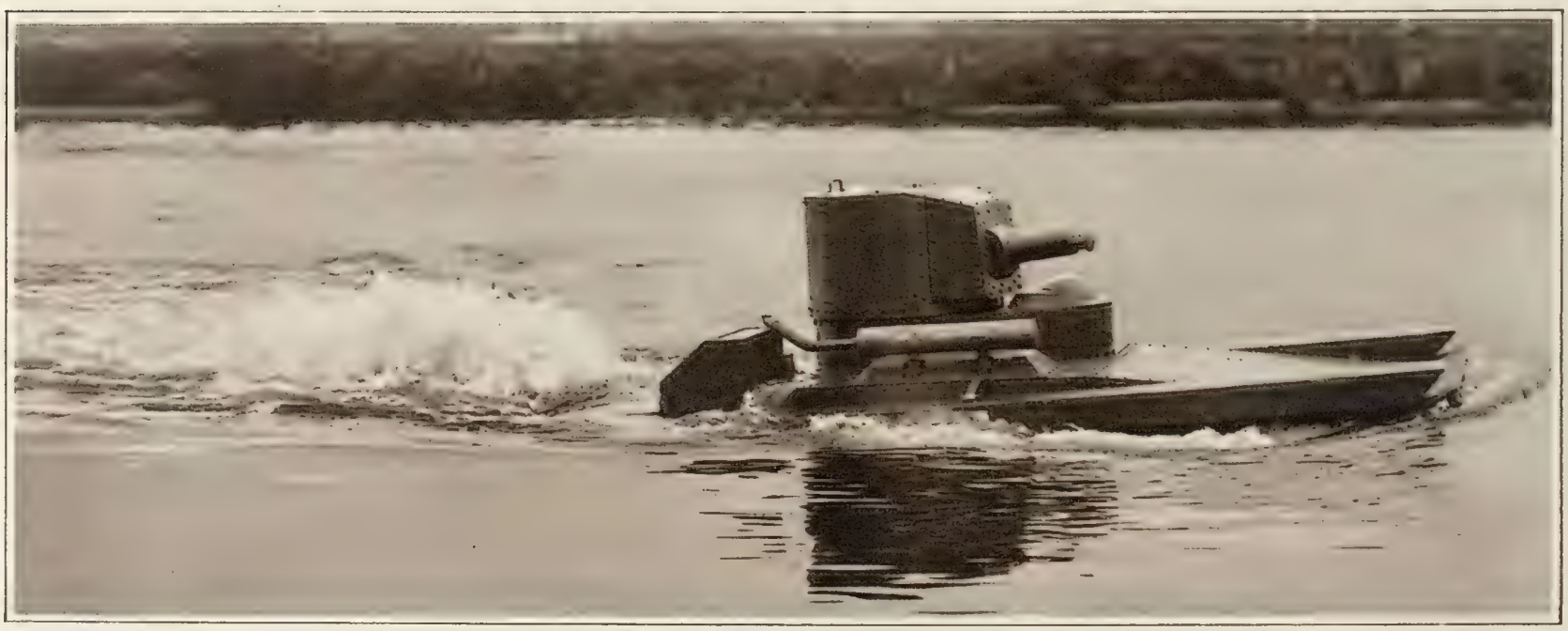
AMPHIBIAN TANKS

Which Caterpillar over the Countryside and Swim Across any River to which They Come

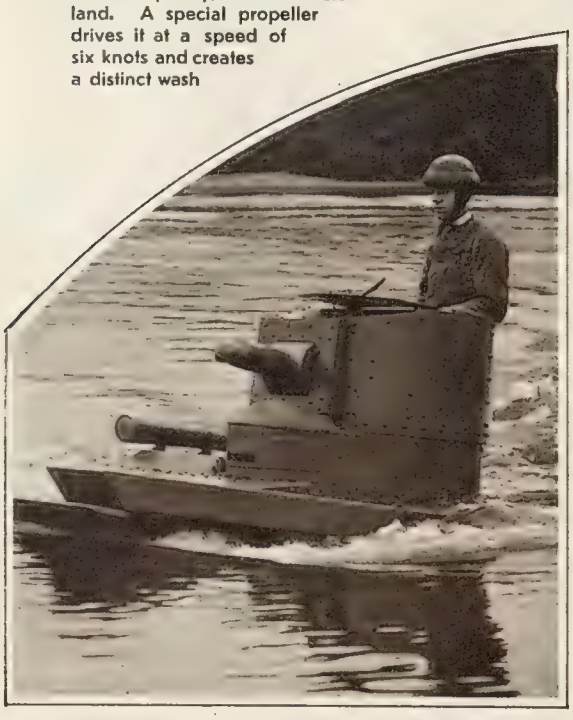
The tank is the joint invention of Captain Carden and Captain Loyd (who are well-known for their work in connection with mechanical tractors), hence the name Carden-Loyd tank. They are now associated with Messrs. Vickers - Armstrong Limited.



OVER LAND: The new British amphibian tank covers the countryside in the normal caterpillar fashion; it achieves the speed of 45 m.p.h. and can negotiate the stiffest obstacles and penetrate the densest undergrowth. *On left* is a close-up of the gun turret ready for action whilst in the water



OVER WATER: The amphibian enters the water and progresses as easily and efficiently, though not so quickly, as it covers land. A special propeller drives it at a speed of six knots and creates a distinct wash



THE DRIVER EXPOSED: A feature of this novel weapon is the device by which the driver can emerge when all is clear but, in danger, can vanish within the tank

COMING ASHORE: The amphibian crawls ashore like some vast reptile of the mesozoic. The invention bids fair to revolutionize warfare, for it is a weapon unique in all history. Only high explosives can put it out of action, as stray bullets or even shrapnel are impotent against its strong and heavy armour plating

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WORLD Large

bought stocks to participate in the future prosperity of the country have a bad ache in the pocket-book."

We should be grateful to Mr. Davis for his courageous, if somewhat rash, outburst of optimism in these portentous days, even if it does seem to savour a bit of recklessness to the unimaginative and practical. He at least conjures a cheering vision to gild grey clouds and November fogs.

Happy days *must* come again. Just now Europe, the whole world in fact, is passing through a painful period of transition, "the struggle and conflict between that which IS and that which is coming into being," as General von Seeckt wrote me a short while ago. In that transition much will be learned. It is making people think for themselves. Transition always spells travail and anguish, but one cannot help wondering why an age that has brought human achievement to an undreamed pinnacle, should still have so little scientific, economic, and political intelligence, that it must be so slow in finding a way out of the slough of "hard times." The last two years have confounded statesmen, politicians, and economists whom the world proclaims as "great." Happy days are ahead sure enough, but I do not think they will be exactly as Mr. Davis pictures them to us. They will more likely bring us the happiness of self-knowledge, self-discipline, self-victory for the nation as well as the individual. And I don't doubt Britain's ability to keep cheerful in the meantime. . . .

Priest In Notre Dame: *An event the great Cathedral was the oraination of The ceremony was performed by Cardinat of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost — is above*

A MOTHER-WIT CONFERENCE.

—Brazilian women, as politically repressed and socially reserved as most of their sisters in Latin countries where feminine emancipation is not favoured by Church and tradition, have been holding a feminist congress in Rio de Janeiro. They want to vote, they want representation in drawing the new constitution, they want divorce and property rights, improved working conditions for women and children. Señora Bertha Lutz, leader of the congress, and her supporters are eager to fight for the rights of modern woman in old Brazil, providing they are sure that it will be modern, efficient woman who answers the poll-call. Principles adopted by the feminist congress, I gather as a kind of *quid pro quo* for political rights, include:

(1) A woman's greatest responsibility is the home, once she has elected housekeeping.

(2) A good housekeeper must be able to buy, prepare, and serve the family's food; plan and take care of the clothing; keep the house clean, pleasing and hygienic; take care of the children, aged and sick; spend money with discretion; organize and direct household tasks; understand the recreational needs of servants.

(3) A good mother guards her children from improper conversations or allusions. She must keep herself in proper physical condition; be tactful, agreeable, patient, well-balanced, clever, and without nerves. She must dress with elegance. Furthermore, this ideal new woman of the South American Latin world must take an interest in education, co-operate with other parents and teachers in all movements of schools and school-life; she must interest herself in all extra-domestic activities that have a bearing upon the home. Last but not least, she must organize this programme of work and activity to allow plenty of leisure time for her husband and children, with whom she may exchange opinions. Any woman of all the qualities and qualifications (of which I have cited but a few) tabulated by the congress is surely efficient enough to get herself elected president!

FEATHERED SONGSTERS OF CATHAY.

—Keeping birds in cages is now unlawful in China. Conservative Cathay decided that the centuries-old custom of promenading cage-birds on the street and entertaining them in tea houses is incompatible with modernity and progress. The municipality of Peiping issued an order prohibiting Chinese from taking their birds for an airing —good for the bird, maybe, but bad for public morale, individual efficiency, and dignity, according to Mayor Hu Jo-yu, who publicly rebuked "men and women who spend most of their time looking after birds."

The order was generally ignored, and the police dared not arrest the numerous promenaders of rank and importance. So the Bureaux of Public Safety and Social Welfare stepped in on this big social problem, forbidding citizens to keep cage-birds at all. As practically every Chinese household owns one or more birds in cages and the people are sincere bird-lovers, police once more found themselves before an impossible task. The municipal Bureaux then struck at the source and recently ordered vendors to cease selling birds.

Bird culture in China has to be seen to be believed. I was in China for some time before I realized the status of feathered members of a Chinese family. At certain hours of the morning and the evening the birds, in highly-decorative cages, are carried by master or coolie to their singing lessons. In Shanghai, for instance, the centre of bird-life is the Tibet Road, and the "conservatoire" an iron railing, where for a couple of hours a day bird-pupils, graduates, or professors are devoted to duty. The latter assure a certain income to their owner, as a small fee is required to park a bird beside a well-known singer. But it is usual to make monthly arrangements for a bird to receive regular lessons from famous feathered professors. More economically-minded folk simply bring their bird along, and trust to luck that it will pick up some music from better-trained neighbours. Human bird-doctors are also in attendance, diagnosing, advising, and prescribing fantastic diets. Professional "exercisers," who throw little pea-nuts into the air, or some such delicacy, for the bird with one leg tied by silk, to flutter up and catch. The street-vendor of cocoons with a worm inside does a roaring trade. High prices are often paid for champions, and there is much competition in rich families to own the finest songsters. The "Hundred Spirit Lark" from Mongolia is amongst the favourites. The morning or evening singing lesson does not end the bird's outing for the day. That is merely business. For pleasure they are entertained in tea-houses, take part in vocal competitions, suspended before beautiful scenery to admire the graceful willows mirrored in the waters. I used to think that the birds in China were credited with an almost human appreciation of change and diversion. The first time I was out there, in the heyday of Chang Tso-lin and the northern war-lords, it seemed to me that the little birds get more social attention than the little women. With the nationalist government under President Chiang Kai-shek besieging the strongholds of the past, and the little women emancipating to freedom and social recognition, the picturesque customs of this fantastic bird society are condemned as time-wasting and undignified.

Berlin Celebrates an Emperor: *The 100th anniversary of the birth of Kaiser Friedrich III was celebrated by the great patriotic clubs and associations at Potsdam, traditionally a centre of Imperial life. The ex-Crown Princess, the ex-Crown Prince, and his brothers, Eitel Fritz and Oskar, are seen above in procession*

On Trial: *Mlle. Gabrielle Joron, a Frenchwoman resident in Paris, is on trial for the murder of her lover, M. José Maria d'Astorica. She is defended by the famous advocate Maître Moro-Giafferi, seen above*

America's Latest Tank: *Was recently tested at the Aberdeen, Md., proving grounds during the thirteenth annual manœuvres. It is a Christie sbeed tank and attained the surprising pace of 50 m.p.h.*

A Franco-American Memory: *The celebration held in Paris in memory of the 150th anniversary of the victory of Yorktown. The ceremony was held at the monument to the Comte de Grasse, teaaer of the Franco-American forces. Captain Cobb of the U.S. Embassy and M. Rondesaint, President of the Maritime and Colonial League of France, are seen above*

SEVEN TIMES

A Striking Photographic Record of Scientific Work Achieved on the Polar Seas

GRIM GUARDIANS OF THE NORTHERN SEAS: Gigantic icebergs, fretted by wind and current—for periodically they turn over and the submerged portion (seven-eighths of the total mass) rises to glint frigidly in the wintry boreal sunshine—seen from the expedition's schooner *Effie Morrissey*

THE LEVEL AND SEEMINGLY ILLIMITABLE ICE-FLOES OF THE A
are clearly revealed in this picture. After making his perilous way over nume
laden with apparatus, finally achieves his desired position and, on the shi
Expedition are seen "punting" on a smaller floe between two

A DEPUTATION OF WELCOME: Eskimos in their *kayaks* paddle out at Angmassalik, East Greenland, to welcome the members of the Bartlett-Norcross Expedition just as the *Effie Morrissey*—the veteran schooner used by the expedition—dropped anchor. The skill of the Eskimo in seamanship is a revelation

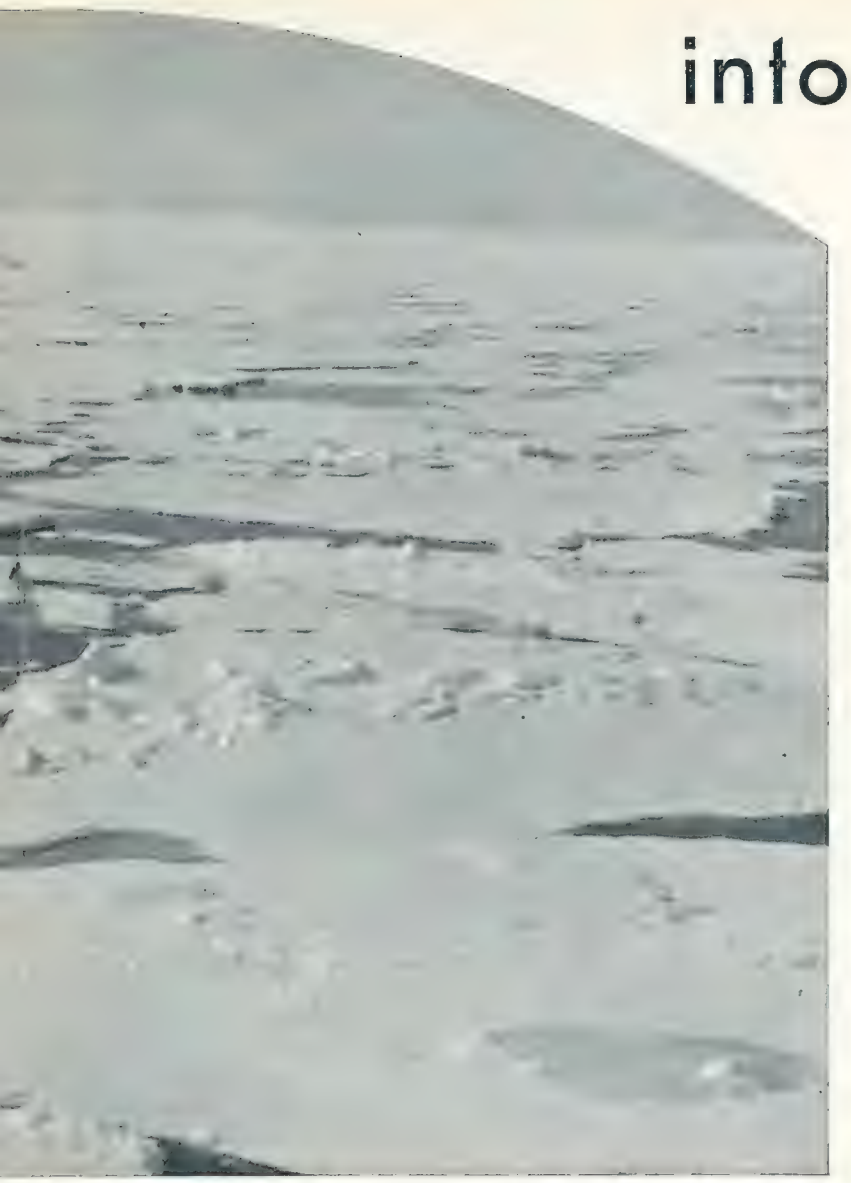
KEEPING COOL IN THE ARCTIC: Two members of the expedition, dreading perspiration and consequent chill or frostbite, wear bathing suits for sporting work

THE TOP-KNOT is the one style of coiffure in vogue among the Eskimo girls and women of the Eastern section of Greenland

The veteran schooner, "Effie Morrissey," recently returned home from her seventh journey to the Arctic, bringing back with her collections of Arctic fowl, flowers from north-east Greenland, some animal groups and a number of seal specimens for mounting. Twelve thousand miles were covered. Captain Robert A. Bartlett, who has guided the schooner through 175,000 miles of ice and through tropic seas, was in command, as usual. The expedition was known as the Bartlett-Norcross Expedition because the adventure was shared by Arthur D. Norcross, the New York publisher and sportsman, whose first trip into the Arctic this was. The "Morrissey," according to Captain Bartlett, never met worse ice conditions than she did

into the ARCTIC

The Bartlett-Norcross Expedition to the Coast and Ice-floes of N.E. Greenland



E ARCTIC: The grave difficulties of obtaining adequate photographic records umerous floes, between which run treacherous "leads" the unfortunate camera-man, shifting surface, sets up his tripod. Two other members of the Bartlett-Norcross two greater surfaces. The monotony of the landscape is phenomenal

BLASTING A PATH TO THE BOAT: To enable unloading to be efficiently effected, a path from ship to shore had to be created. On occasion the ice proved so heavy that ten separate charges of dynamite—all of them fired simultaneously from a battery—had to be utilised

DRAGGING THE ARCTIC FLOOR: Captain Bartlett prepares to lower the dredge to secure specimens of the *flora* and *fauna* of the arctic waters. These, when discovered and classified, will be enshrined and exhibited at the Smithsonian Institute, the great scientific organization in Washington D.C.

GRANDMOTHER MINDS THE BABY while mother visits the *Effie Morrissey*. The curious hairdressing is characteristic of the area

on this trip into the north. She tried for thirty-six days to find a break in the vast white sheets extending out from the last Greenland shore, before she could put into coastal waters. In some places the ice belt extended 150 miles east of the shore line. Captain Bartlett intended, when he left New York, to push over Franz Josef Land in the hope that he might find some trace of Amundsen, but the ice barrier proved impenetrable. The farthest north the "Morrissey" reached was 79 degrees. Beyond that the ice was impassable. As it was, the schooner took the worst buffeting of her thirty-six-year career. During his Arctic voyage Captain Bartlett also carried on some oceanographic work for the United States Navy.

"SHOOTING THE SUN": Captain "Bob" Bartlett, commander of the expedition, uses his sextant on the deck of the *Effie Morrissey*

BOOKS—

Mr. Winston Churchill Finishes the Crisis : Mr. John Galsworthy Terminates the Forsytes

By CECIL ROBERTS

I have often heard it said that Mr. Winston Churchill is a splendid writer lost in politics. I have never heard it said that he is a splendid politician lost in literature. If I am one of those who still regard him with undiminished hope in the noisy arena it is not at the expense of my admiration for him as a man of letters. He wrought a very solid achievement out of his four-fold study, *The World Crisis*, but it was difficult from that most informative and readable work to separate W. S. C. the politician, perhaps unconsciously on the defensive, from the historian. No such difficulty arises with the new and, I fear, final volume in his series. In this last volume, *The World Crisis—The Eastern Front* (Thornton Butterworth. 30s.), he deals with a much-neglected aspect of the Great War, the terrible conflict in which three great Empires—Russia, Austria, and Germany fought each other to their death and ruin.

Mr. Churchill no longer writes as a Minister involved or as an eye-witness. He examines the voluminous mass of justifications, recriminations, Government papers, biographies, and autobiographies that have obscured the truth with a fog of misinformation upon the origin of the Great War. This time Mr. Churchill emerges as a historian pure and simple. He judges the evidence, sifts the statements of witnesses, and then sums up. The world has never known a greater drama. Mr. Churchill's skill is commensurate with the magnificence, horror, and heroism of his theme. At moments he obtrudes a personal opinion, but this adds piquancy to the narrative and he is always splendidly sane. There are moments of rhetoric that will seem regrettable to an age that abhors emotion but lives on penny newspapers, but, in my ears, Mr. Churchill is a noble Greek chorus, and I enjoy his momentary intrusion.

We have shamefully neglected the Eastern Front, and the most dramatic of all the events of those four terrible years. This study presents the death-struggle of millions of men. Every one of them died in vain, their hideous injuries and loyalties contributed to a common defeat. Three Empires were dragged down to famine, poverty, and humiliation. Those who survived, whether they enjoyed temporary victory or met defeat, alike returned to ruined homelands and a shattered civilization. It is a dark picture Mr. Churchill paints, despite the high points of heroism amid so much stupidity, sheer lust for power, irresponsible intrigue, and misplaced trust.

He does not acquit the Emperor Francis Joseph. He shows us an old man, conscientious, narrow but peaceful withal, gradually being forced by his own retinue, and then enticed by an open cheque on Germany's military power. He pays tribute to the honesty of Count Tizsa, who strongly opposed the subjection of Serbia, and he does not acquit the latter country of a guilty knowledge of the assassination that set the world aflame. It will surprise many to learn that the great victory of Tannenberg belonged neither to Hindenburg, who never claimed it, nor to Ludendorff who did, but to Marshal von François whose name is scarcely known to us. At a German celebration of the victory in August, 1924, François was seated in the centre, with Mackensen on one side and Hindenburg on the other; an effective answer to Ludendorff's claim. One of the saddest chapters of all is the story of the end of Samsonov and his great army.

SPECIALLY SELECTED

"Seed and Harvest," by Vladimir Korostovetz. Reminiscences. (Faber and Faber. 18s. net.)

"The Taint of the Romanovs," by Princess Catherine Radziwill. (Cassell. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Anti-Commando," by Mr. Justice Sampson and General Sir Ian Hamilton. (Faber and Faber. 15s. net.)

"Immaturity," "Heartbreak House," "Back to Methuselah," by Bernard Shaw. Three volumes of the standard edition. (Constable and Co. 6s. each net.)

"New Poems." Forty-seven contemporary Poets. (Gollancz. 6s. net.)

"Sublunary," by L. E. Martin. A first novel. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

"German War Birds," by "Vigilant." (John Hamilton. 8s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Ford Madox Ford has done so many things curiously that he could not fail to write an unusual and absorbing autobiography. He denies that *Return to Yesterday* (Gollancz. 18s.) is an autobiography. But what can one expect of a man who forgets the names and number of books he has written, who has had four attempts at farming in England (and is now domiciled in America, where he threatens another attempt), who has grown tobacco successfully in Kent to a degree that brought the Revenue officers down on him, who founded and ran one of the most distinguished reviews this country has ever seen, whose matrimonial adventures, severely ignored here, provided literary London with rich sensation? Mr. Ford—even that name is as strange as its owner; I prefer to call him Mr. Ford Madox Ford Hueffer, to rope in the whole of him—continues to drop bombshells. He tells us that Conrad went on writing novels in a language he detested because he could not get a ship, that he called English a language for dogs and horses, that he called England a beastly country. F.M.F. knew Conrad better and longer than ever I did, but I cannot believe my eyes when I read such statements, and they are flatly contradicted by Conrad's own words. Equally, I am sceptical about his picture of the mining village in which D. H. Lawrence lived, and which he visited. I know it, too, and I simply refuse to accept his estimate of the local culture. "The young people were talking about Nietzsche and Wagner and Leopardi and Flaubert and Karl Marx and Darwin, and occasionally the father (a buttyman in a local mine) would interrupt his counting (he was paying his mates) to contradict them. And they would discuss the French Impressionists and the primitive Italians and play Chopin or Debussy on the piano." The brackets are mine, and I think Mr. Ford should substitute Ravel or Stravinsky for better effect. Even the Nonconformist parson at the local chapel preached the Gospel according to Nietzsche and Leopardi!

There is the story here, too, of the King kicking over the traces, that shatters one's conception of the serenity of Buckingham Palace. The notable figures of the Edwardian era are given a tug on the tails or a bang on the bustle, and yet this is not a book of gossip. It matters not whether one quite believes F.M.F. I defy any intelligent person who begins this book at page one to put it down, even for the lighting of a pipe, until he rests from his astonishing tour of England, France, the United States, and the Kingdom of Ford Madox Ford. The last page brings us to the opening of *The Daily Mail* on August 4, 1914, with the heading: "Northern Boxing Competition." Since then what wonderful things Mr. Ford must have seen! Second volume soon, please!

I have always been somewhat puzzled by the excursions into journalism of the Very Rev. Julian Huxley, Dean of St. Paul's, Lecturer in Experimental Zoology, and sometime Pessimist to Fleet Street. Now again he seems prepared to unsettle our doctrine with *What Dare I Think*. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.). Dean Huxley writes:

"A whole spawn of monstrous ideas about religion—verbal inspiration, eternal damnation, magical efficacy of prayer or formula or rite, miraculous intervention, and the like—have no validity in themselves, and indeed are none of them vital to any true religion."

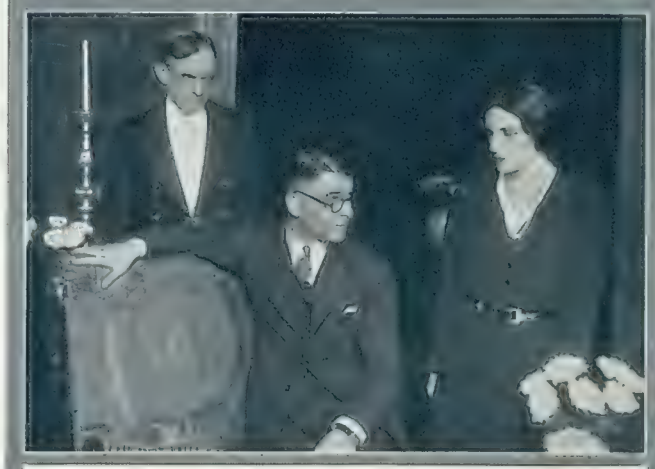
After the shock of that it is comforting to turn from our terrible Dean to dear Professor William Inge, who has collected his very popular contributions to *The Evening Standard* which have done so much to brighten the Metropolitan Railway and the darkest Underground. He has a most tranquil belief in nothing and nobody that is very cheering in these days of reckless trust. In this absorbing book, *More Lay Thoughts of a Dean* (Putnam. 7s. 6d), Professor Inge—

What a ghastly mistake! Having read the two books I have confused the two authors.

(*Continued on p.* 242)

A BISHOP'S LITERARY DAUGHTER: Miss Betty Inskip, daughter of the Bishop of Barking and niece of the ex-Attorney General, at her desk at work on her new novel

"A MURDER HAS TAKEN PLACE": Lord Lebanon informs Scotland Yard of his apprehensions for his own safety, owing to the recent murder of a chauffeur



"I WILL BROOK NO INTERFERENCE": Lady Lebanon informs Lord Lebanon of her displeasure at his invocation of Scotland Yard, while Gilder looks on

BUTLERIAN DISDAIN: Kelver, with raised eyebrows, puts Totty in his place

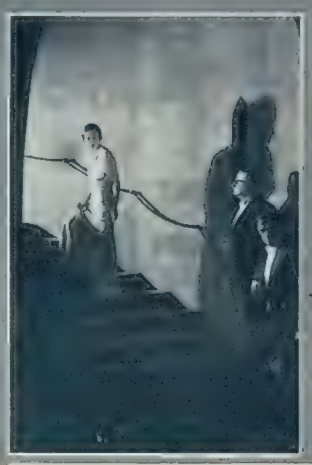
THE TITLE RÔLE: Isla, overwrought by her discoveries, walks in her sleep

"I'M GOING TO TAKE HER TO MY ROOM" Brooks and Gilder approach the sleeping Isla, who has been compelled to occupy the "Bluebeard Chamber"

"THE CASE OF THE

"YOU SHALL NOT SPEAK": Lady Lebanon, reinforced by her two scurvy menservants, refuses to allow Isla to talk to the police—a scene at Mark's Priory

"THEY'VE DOPED IT": Lord Lebanon gives his drugged night-cap to the police in proof of his suspicions. The officers' drinks have not been "treated"



CONSPIRACY: Lady Lebanon, Brooks, and Gilder on the stairway

OLFACTORY EVIDENCE: Ferraby and Totty discover a burning scarlet scarf

FRIGHTENED LADY":

CONFERENCE: Sensational evidence is given by Lord Lebanon to Tanner with relation both to the murders and the instruments of death

—PLAYS

The Influence of the Election: Pantomimes and Films

By PHILIP PAGE

"ST. JOAN" IN VIENNA: Fräulein Dorle Kreisler, the eighteen-year-old actress, who will play the title rôle of the G. B. S. classic, now to be seen for the first time in the Austrian capital

If electioneering damaged theatrical attendance, the fantastically successful result will enormously increase it. The heedless-of-their-doom-the-little-victims-play business is all very well; but it hardly makes for lasting prosperity in stageland. Managers were saying at the time of the crisis that the future was dark, that they would probably launch no more productions, that the pound might slump to nothing. The joy at having to pay one's leading lady what really amounts to about two-pence halfpenny a week is discounted by the thought that the price of stalls might be a fraction of a farthing, and a "capacity" house under fourpence.

I imagine the vast majority of stage folk are well pleased at Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's vast majority. Not all, of course. Dame Sybil Thorndike and her husband are enthusiastic Socialists, and I could name many more among the Sunday night drama *coterie* who have similar opinions, to which, of course, they are perfectly entitled. Whether they would have continued to hold them had, by some miracle, the National Government been defeated, and had the consequences, into which we need not enter, of such a development ensued, is another matter.

I would not argue, however, that the bevy of superlatively lovely ladies of the stage who were cheering National victories at Mr. Selfridge's party on election night did so from a firm conviction, reached by a combination of intensive study and natural political acumen, that all was right with the world. They were *dans le mouvement*, bless 'em. The election advice in *Pickwick* still holds good, "If there are two crowds, shout with the loudest."

There was a time when every member of every audience automatically shed all non-Tory opinions. Dramatists and actors realized this and relied on it. That has passed, and it is well that it has passed. Politics were rather dull in the theatre anyway, except in France, where they are merely virulent. In the music-hall they seldom soared above references to Mr. Winston Churchill's hat and, in the old days, to Joe Chamberlain's orchid and eyeglass, though I remember seeing, in a Gaiety piece, Mr. George Grossmith as the late Lord Balfour arrayed in a ballet skirt.

Mr. Noel Coward has come out in *Cavalcade* with what is, in effect, a tremendous plea for sanity, stability, and patriotism, which may be interpreted as propaganda for the National Government or even for the Conservative Party, though I do not assert that that was Mr. Coward's specific intention.

But I do not advise other less skilled men of the theatre to follow blindly in Mr. Coward's footsteps. "If in doubt, bring on the Guards band and wave the Union Jack," seems a sound enough hint. This is not, however, so easy to carry out as it seems.

Above all, let us keep politics out of the pantomimes. In London, this Christmas, there will be only one—that at the Lyceum—where Mr. George Jackley and Messrs. Naughton and Gold are, to me, such irresistible comedians that they may be Communists if they like. I neither know nor care. Yet, however much references in topical songs to Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Snowden, Mr. Lansbury's Lido, and the rest of it may amuse intelligent children, the ordinary adult who pays for his seat prefers the demon king and be-tighted thighs, and the adorable inanities of the principal girl.

Comedians who may feel tempted in this, or any other pantomime to go all out on the anti-Socialist tack had better bear in mind that, in spite of the exiguous number of the fallen party's seats, about 7,000,000 people voted Socialist. Some might be in the theatre at any performance. Big, strong ones, with a good aim.

We want, by the way, *more* pantomimes in London. I should like to see the more sophisticated of our managers sponsoring pantomime. Mr. C. B. Cochran some years ago produced a pantomime at the now demolished Oxford Theatre with the Dolly Sisters, Nellie Taylor, Joyce Barbour, and that admirable little comedian, "Tubby" Edlin (now, I believe in the public house business). It was not one of his most successful efforts, though I enjoyed it. I wish Mr. Cochran would try again. I wish, too, Mr. Noel Coward would write a pantomime, and Mr. Frederick Lonsdale, and Mr. Somerset Maugham. Not, of course, a burlesque pantomime—one cannot burlesque a burlesque, though many have tried—but an honest-to-goodness pantomime of the old sort, with rhymed couplets, a demon king, a clown and a pantaloon.

Mr. Maugham could, *con amore*, develop the character of the demon king.

"THE CASE OF THE FRIGHTENED LADY"

Sergeant Ferraby	Harold Warrender
Sergeant Totty	Gordon Harker
Inspector Tanner	W. Cronin-Wilson
Lord Lebanon	Emlyn Williams
Kelver	Julian Royce
Gilder	Percy Parsons
Brooks	Finlay Currie
Lady Lebanon	Cathleen Nesbitt
Isla	Joyce Kennedy

Mr. Anthony Armstrong's new crook-farce at the Embassy Theatre I found so good that I foresee it being transferred to a West-end theatre, and enjoying a satisfactory run there. Many people have written crook plays which are not altogether serious. Usually they have made the mistake of switching the attention of the audience from the serious and exciting part of them without sufficient justification. If you like crime "thrillers" you hate to be diverted from a chance of working yourself up into a perspiration of fearful apprehension. If you must be so diverted, it must be in order to laugh, and to laugh loud and long. Mr. Armstrong can undoubtedly make one laugh; some of his jokes are not of the first water, but a great many of them are. A reference, by the way, to Mr. Edgar Wallace, though harmless, should be deleted.

Well Caught is the story of a young man who attempts to David Garrick himself out of his engagement to the girl he loves, not by pretending to be drunk but by pretending to be a kleptomaniac. That a real robbery takes place in the same house intensifies the farcical element. Although I do not suppose anyone will hold his or anyone else's sides with merriment over this description, it really is a funny play. Mr. Herbert Lomas, playing a retired colonel who has, apparently, retired under cover of the largest moustache ever seen on any stage, is admirable, and so, too, in their various ways are Mr. Frederick Piper and Miss Eileen Branch. The pace the night I saw it was on the slow side.

A few years ago I saw Miss Tallulah Bankhead in a silent-film version of Sir Arthur Pinero's *His House in Order*. She gave a most beautiful performance, was most adversely criticized, and the film vanished into obscurity. She has now made a London appearance as a "talkie" Tallulah—in a conventional drama at the Carlton Theatre. It is called *My Sin*, and the most appropriate comment I can find for it is—my hat! But Tallulah's performance as a girl who had shot a man, hoped that the incident was forgotten (I thought they never did worry about remembering little things like that in America) and found it brought up at an awkward moment, is really beautiful.

We do not see and hear quite the Tallulah of all those plays at the Lyric Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue. Her appearance has changed (she looked like Nancy Carroll) and her voice is less fog-bound. But her magnetism has not changed. Still she is a superb actress, and still she appears in material that is unworthy. Incidentally, she still undresses.

Dr. Bridie has treated the Burke and Hare murders in *The Anatomist* anatomically. He has also written one of the finest plays in London. Mr. Tod Slaughter believes firmly in showing up the death and slaughter—not a poor and obvious joke but the absolute truth—side of the business. Mr. Slaughter, I remember with gratitude, gave us at the old Elephant and Castle Theatre *Maria Martin, or the Murder in the Red Barn*, and a few more goriodramas of the old-fashioned type. They were excellent, as his Burke and Hare production at the Brixton Theatre is excellent, because they were played with deadly seriousness and with the one aim in view of curdling the blood of the audience. He is a good melodramatic actor himself, has surrounded himself with an able company, and actually shows us blood—red paint anyway—on the stage. It is long since I have seen this last in a theatre.

But I warn those who may be tempted to go to this play in order to poke fun at it that they will be disappointed. It is genuinely impressive.

ALEXANDRIA— The GATEWAY of the EAST

This striking aerial picture of the great city at the Delta of the Nile was taken by that airman of Empire, Sir Alan Cobham, on his recent flight for Imperial development purposes over Africa. Alexandria was, in the immediately pre-Christian era and for a century or so thereafter, the greatest centre of civilization in the ancient world. Many irreplaceable treasures of art and learning perished in the great fire, and thereafter the city declined into decadence and corruption. To-day its fame is merely mercantile rather than intellectual, but a glamour of its ancient eminence romanticises in its modern utilitarian aspect

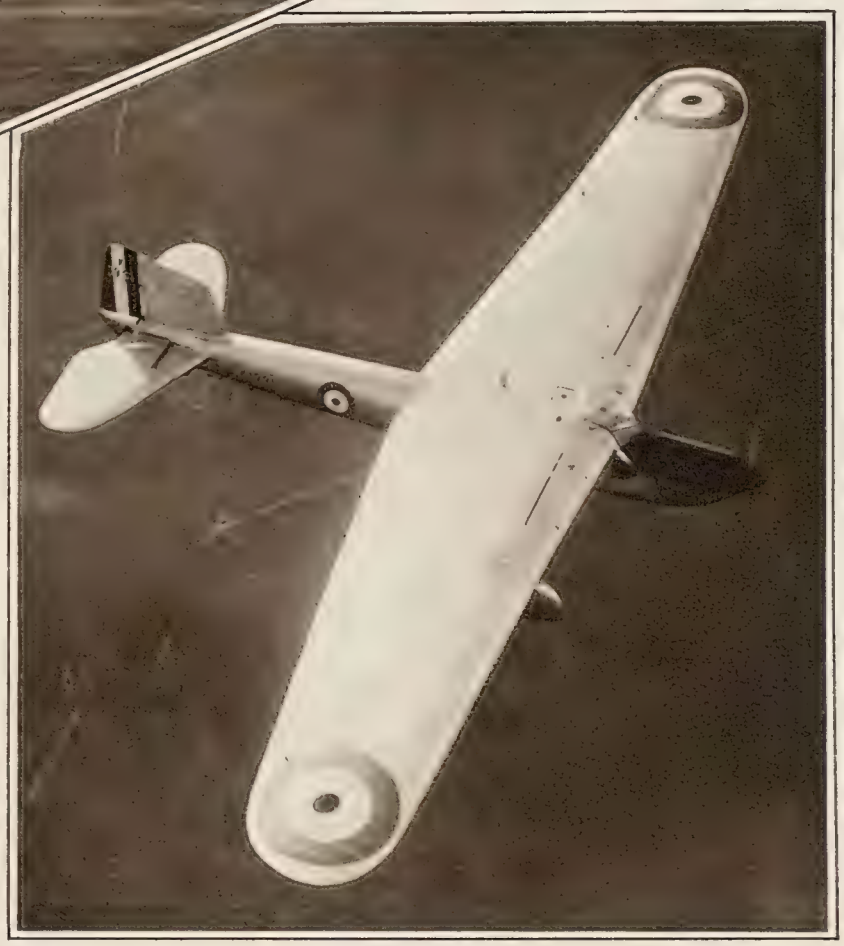
LUXOR— The TEMPLE of the KINGS

The graveyard of forgotten kings is not too romantic a term for this superb city of ruins on the banks of the Nile. In its crumbling marble temples, beneath its history-encrusted soil, the embalmed and painted royalties of the Pharaonic land take their last rest. Some of its mausoleums have been rifled; some unearthed in the reverent yet implacable interest of Science. But though we know of Tut-ankh-amen and a few others, there are numberless royalties who still lie, unaccounted and unknown peacefully beneath its ruins

FLIGHT....

On left—IN TRAINING FOR A WORLD RECORD: THE FAIREY (NAPIER) LONG-RANGE MONOPLANE ON TEST AT CRANWELL

THE "AMERICAN CLIPPER": THE NEW AMPHIBIAN, WHICH CARRIES FORTY-FOUR PASSENGERS, TO INAUGURATE A SERVICE FROM FLORIDA TO THE WEST INDIES

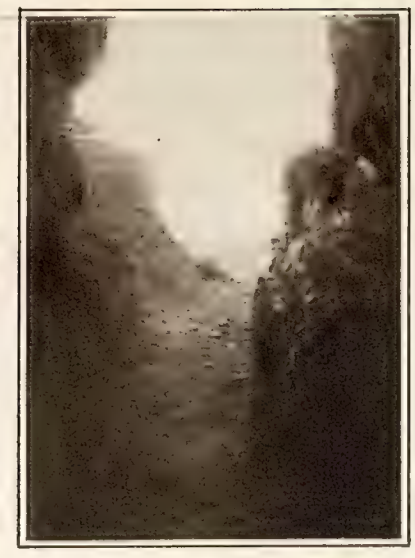


On left—THE MOBILOPTER: A STRANGE MACHINE FROM CALIFORNIA, WHICH INCLUDES THE HELICOPTER AND VARIOUS OTHER DEVICES. A PROPELLER ON TOP OF THE FUSELAGE PROVIDES THE "LIFT"

Above—TO FLY TO THE CAPE: THE FAIREY (NAPIER) LONG-RANGE MONOPLANE, SOON TO FLY TO CAIRO BEFORE ATTEMPTING THE WORLD'S NON-STOP RECORD BY A FLIGHT TO THE CAPE

The Wartburg, to which St. Elizabeth was brought at the age of four, in the heart of Thuringia

The Hörselberg, where Tannhäuser sang to Venus, seen from the eminence of the Wartburg



"The voice of Tannhäuser" is, traditionally, still heard in this cave—caused by underground streams

The main Tower of the Wartburg and the bedroom of the Saint are seen here, together with a corner of the hall

Behind the outer walls lies Elizabeth's garden. The walls themselves have a corridor of rooms built in

The great Martin Luther translated the Bible in this room, now gracious with placid pigeons

Saint Elizabeth's well behind which is the Hall of Song, in which Tannhäuser sang to her

Through this doorway and over the drawbridge, Elizabeth was driven on her husband's death

Now the Wartburg is a haunt of artists, of whom this is one of the stoutest!

THE WARTBURG and the CAVE OF VENUS

St. Elizabeth of Thuringia, famed in the Tannhäuser legend—for she was that Elizabeth whose love redeemed the pilgrim from the pleasures of the Venusberg—is this month being honoured at the Wartburg on the seven hundredth anniversary of her death. The daughter of Andreas II, King of Hungary, and educated at the Wartburg, she was, at fourteen, married to Louis IV of Thuringia, who died on the Crusades. Left Regent, Elizabeth was dispossessed by her husband's relatives and, after many privations, entered the convent of Kitzingen, whose Abbess was her aunt. The return of her husband's retinue recovered her sovereign rights, but she devoted her life to religious exercises and acts of charity. She died in 1231 at the age of twenty-four and was canonized four years after her death.

TRAVELLING and SPENDING IMPERIALLY

The Wonderland of Empire which All Can Sing of Whilst Cruising on British Ocean-Going Liners

Described by CLIVE HOLLAND

Happily, more and more attention is being directed to the pleasures and benefits of Empire travel. Too few people who have been accustomed on occasion—especially in autumn and winter—to take prolonged holidays have hitherto even considered the possibilities of Empire travel, but have too often contented themselves with the conventional—if not hackneyed—Continental resorts. And one has heard, when making the suggestion of a change of a patriotic and intriguing nature, "Oh, but consider the climate."

And yet there are better winter "climates" to be found in the British Dominions, Colonies, and Overseas Possessions, in South Africa, Ceylon, India, Burma, Australia, New Zealand, and the West Indies than in Southern Europe.

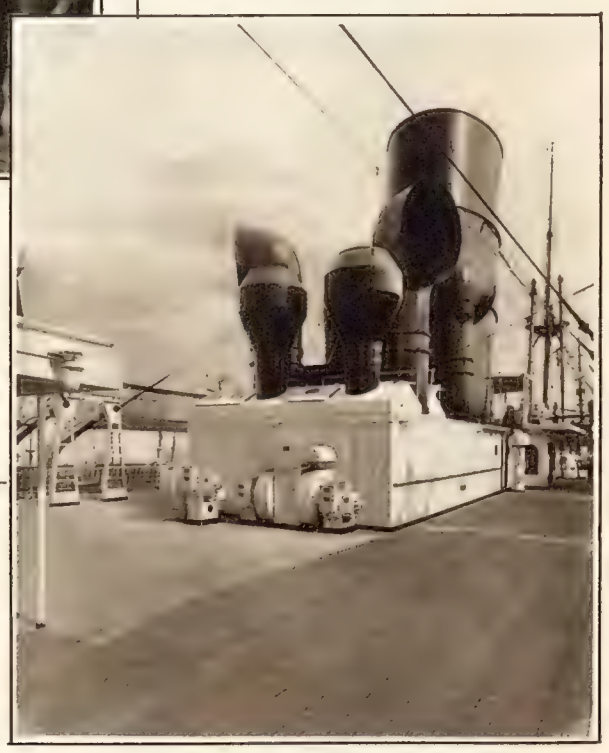
Why not give these sunshine lands with all their marvellous beauty, allurement, interest, and health-giving possibilities a trial?

Fortunately enterprise and patriotic endeavours to make British liners the synonym for all that is safe, speedy, and luxurious are being rewarded by greatly increased numbers of the touring and travelling public. To-day, to take a voyage in a British cruising or regular service steamer south, east, or west, is not only to enjoy a delightful experience, but definitely to help the shipping trade and industry generally to recovery, for many more industries are linked up with shipping than is generally supposed—and to do something towards reducing unemployment in the shipping world and in the trades and callings intimately connected therewith.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL BUREAU will be happy to give information with regard to resorts, hotels, routes and fares to intending travellers. Personal and unbiased advice is given. 3d. in stamps (for postage of literature) should accompany all requests which are answered free. Enquiries should be addressed THE SPHERE Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

To-day winter holiday cruising is well catered for by all our leading steamship companies. Not only are there special winter cruises in summer to semi-tropical and tropical lands in such luxury steamers as the newest and largest of their class—the *Empress of Britain*, the *Duchess of Richmond*, the *Arandora Star*, the *Alcantara*, and the *Atlantis*—names known nowadays to almost every one, but there are other magnificent liners on the regular services to all parts of the Empire and the world. These, with their moderate fares, make sea travel a possibility for thousands who have formerly had to deny themselves that pleasure.

There is something more sociable, too, in the atmosphere of these luxury cruisers and liners, which have been justly described as "floating hotels," than in a land hotel. Perhaps it is the free and restful atmosphere; perhaps the proximity to one's fellow-passengers day by day.



WHERE YOU PLAY: A corner of the sports deck on the new P. and O. liner *Corfu*. The sports deck itself extends for a third of the total length of the ship, one portion of it being roped off for nurses and children. Deck tennis courts are seen above on the topmost deck

ERE OF TRAVEL

What does one see?

Can those who select a run out to that sunshine land of the Cape, and when there a "run around" of say three or four weeks or even less by one or other of the admirably arranged tours of the South African Railways ever forget their first glimpse of Table Mountain, usually in the early hours as it appears to rise out of the sea, and of Cape Town nestling snugly almost in its shadow? There is a delightful winter climate, the stir of life ashore in Cape Town itself, the fine excursions along the coast, and the magnificent and invigorating surf-bathing along its golden beaches.

BRITISH TRAVEL AT HOME

For the interest of those who do not favour holidays at sea, a special section is presented on pp. 244-49 devoted to various attractive resorts within Great Britain for the winter months. The joys of the homeland have been too long neglected, but, with the "national" impulse of the past few days, bid fair now to come into their own

And then there is the interest of towns such as Durban, Kimberley, Pretoria, Buluwayo, and Johannesburg, which have made much modern South African history. For some, too, at least there will remain when the cruise is ended unforgettable memories of the majesty of the Victoria Falls, and the slender, highest bridge in the world that spans the gorge through which the River Zambesi rushes in such haste.

If one's choice is the West Indies, that region of romance, in which the spirit of adventure seems to linger, one can reach these fortunate isles by luxury cruiser or regular services. To cruise across azure seas to Jamaica and its far-famed Blue Mountains, the picturesque plantations, once the home of prosperous English planters bearing famous names, luxuriant vegetation and beautiful scenery is, indeed, to reach and enter a sort of modern fairyland.

Trinidad, too, has much of interest. Here one finds curious customs still prevailing, and coffee, sugar, cocoa, and tobacco plantations, charming scenery, and a capital Port of Spain, with tree-environed roads and many strange native types.

Cruising amid the Windward Isles, those fragments set in azure seas, with shores that are surf-fretted and have a lace-like edge of foam even on the calmest days, takes one to the Bahamas and their coral reefs.

Some may also visit other spots of which they may only have been hitherto able to dream. Cuba, with the exotic and feverish winter life of Havana, its capital, which is almost like a slice of Monte Carlo, and so on to Florida with its Palm Beach and Miami, to Cristobel and the Panama Canal — impressive in its vastness — and taking a glimpse of Caracas, the capital of that land of quick political changes and revolutions, Venezuela. And so to the Bermudas, the chief island of which is an ancient possession, charming and, in its social atmosphere, almost English, picturesque, and very hospitable.

Perhaps, however, you may hear the East a-calling, and some time or other have had dreams of India and the spice-laden breezes of Ceylon. To-day the latter, with its exquisite scenery, is easily reached, as three weeks' voyage sees one at Colombo. Here one has a winter climate that is delightful.

India, with its teeming native life, its magnificent and amazing architecture, the glamour of the East with which it is permeated, needs pages of descriptive writing to convey to the mind even imperfectly its wonderful allure. There is the world-famed beauty of the Taj Mahal; the Golden Lily Pool and *gopuram* or pyramid roof, carved with innumerable figures, of the Temple of Siva at Madura glassing itself in the placid waters.

Burma, too, has its lure. Its scenery temples, beautiful rivers on which steamers ply so that one can explore them, wonderful caves, the exquisite beauty of Inle Lake, and romantic Mandalay with its tragic past. Here is provided the "something fresh" that the more adventurous taker of winter holidays seeks.

Australia calls, for it is a particular part of us. It has much else of interest besides its strong link with the Motherland. If you want sun-bathing and surf-riding go to Australia. And the lengthy but not monotonous voyage affords just that rest for which many people in these strenuous days long.

Then for the more ambitious holiday-maker there is that wonderful world-cruise of the *Empress of Britain*, a dream doubtless for all save the comparatively rich. But what reality for them!

How to do all these pleasant things and many others? Well, ask the information bureaux of the Union Castle Line, the P. and O., Blue Funnel Line, Canadian Pacific Railways, the Bibby Line, the Cunard Line, the Royal Mail, the Orient Line, the Booth Line, the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, or Fyffe's Line, from all of which information regarding rates, times of sailings, etc., can be obtained.

WHERE YOU SLEEP: A *suite de luxe* on the new P. and O. liner *Corfu*. Every cabin is equipped with a port-hole, a dressing-table, a wash-basin with hot and cold running water, a wardrobe for each passenger, bed-head lamps, and mechanical ventilation variable as to volume and temperature at the passenger's will. The suites have a private bathroom

"A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE"

The First of a Short Series of Articles Dealing with Life on Board and Ports of Call During an Ocean Cruise

Before ever we had a chance to set foot in Cuba, Cuba bombarded us. First the quarantine doctor, then the customs, the news reporters and, finally, a small army of immigration inspectors — all in thin khaki in mock Ellis Island style — suave, smiling, brown-skinned men with thick tufts of black hair doing sentry-go in front of their ears and eloquent eyes that stalked each female passenger as she filed past the barrier to the waiting tender.

Their chief, a little wizened fellow with thick, horn-rimmed spectacles, looked the tamest, so I decided to inflict on him a few choice fragments of his native tongue.

When I observed in Castilian that it was raining, he gave his comrades a hopeless "can you beat it?" look and inquired, in English, if I were American. When I confessed my nationality, he seemed to understand my trouble and took me to the gangway to point out the principal landmarks of his home town.

"Oh, boy," he told me, "a charming city. There is none like it. See the most venerable cathedral that held the ruins of Christopher Columbus and the most beautifully edified railway depôt. And there on that peak you see the Morro Castle—the most historified fortress in all the universe. Ah, indeed, like your own, señor, we have a most marvellous island."

It was late afternoon before we were able to get ashore.

We waited on the companion-ladder for a launch.

"Cuanto?" we asked one hook-nosed steersman.

"Half-a-dollar," he replied.

"Do you not know, my friend," we shouted at him severely (having been previously warned), "that it is contrary to the law of the Medes and Cubans to charge more than 20 cents fare inside Havana harbour?"

"Well," he observed, "if you won't pay it, there are others who will," and chug-chugged away.

"How much?" we demanded of another boatman.

"One dollar fifty," came the ready reply.

We shooed him away, and waiting another five minutes took the ship's tender, which was free.

On the quay we fought our way through a guard of honour waiting to welcome us. One insisted that we should look through a cigarette-holder, which was really a kaleideoscope; another gave us a box of coronas, but snatched them back in desperation before we could reach the dock gates.

We rejected an offer of a taxi—not being of a suicidal mind, and set out to view the Cuban capital in the only way a strange town can be properly explored.

The first object of interest we met stood outside the dock entrance. It was a coastguard, a policeman, or some other kind of high diplomat, but it seemed to have stepped right out of *The Maid of the Mountains*. Its helmet was spiked, a sword in its scabbard hung from its hip, three blunder-busses in holsters adorned its belt, ammunition stretched across its manly breast, it wore spurs, and carried a small Big Bertha on its shoulder. In fact it was armed from top to toe. Moreover, it was a puny man, and the weight of its armament caused it to sag visibly at the knees.

There is a traffic cop at every ten cross-roads. At the other nine prevails the jungle law, the survival of the noisiest. When you drive towards a corner you sound your horn and listen. If the answering cry is *louder* than your own, you brake. If not, you accelerate.

I am going to start research work in acoustics right away, and when I have discovered how to make the most possible row in the smallest possible space I shall patent the invention as a motor-horn and make my fortune in Havana.

Some of the thoroughfares are wide. There are gardens with palm groves running down the centre of the biggest boulevards, and the Prado is more spectacular than Fifth Avenue or Whitehall. The modern section of the city is a cocktail of Paris, Los Angeles, and Madrid, while the rest is just a highball of Harlem and Cadiz.

The licensing laws are as slack as those of France or New York. There are saloons at every corner. Barmaids are scarce. As in pre-prohibition days in the States, liquor is served by prize-fighting bar-tenders in establishments bearing such unlovely names as "Sloppy Joe's Bar," "O'Reilly's Drinking Place," "Café Pedro," etc. There is also a park where free beer is served to lucky tourists.

Drunkenness among the inhabitants is not rife. Among the "floating" population it is 99·9 per cent.

We wandered through countless narrow streets, overhung by balconies, where modern, shingled *señoritas* stood, dreaming perhaps of troubadours and guitars and serenades that are no more.

We had the best view of the place as we left the harbour to-day. The housetops were flashing in the sunlight, the surf was pounding on the rocks at the base of Morro Castle, and we were distant enough to see the enchantment of the town without its blemishes.

Havana is spoilt by tourists. She is like a grandmother trying to play "Flaming Youth" to thirsty iconoclasts. Her modernism is ugly, and her old world Spanish atmosphere is sweet.

Ewing Galloway

***A JEWEL OF THE CARIBBEAN:** A scene in Havana showing the President's new palace*

STUMBLES AND FALLS

A JEST OF "THE JESTER": Lieut.-Colonel H. G. Seth-Smith's horse throws its rider

A HEADLONG TUMBLE taken by Mr. Elton's "Joseph" and his rider in Hampshire

DAYLIGHT 'TWIXT SEAT AND SADDLE! Lieut.-Colonel Sandeman's "Mary" falls at the brook

THROWN CLEAR: Lieut.-Colonel J. K. Gordon's "Carlisle" comes down near Farnham

"RISE" AND FALL: A contrast in action at the worst hazard at Oxney Farm, Bordon

SHOWERS OF SPRAY drenched one unfortunate competitor—to the bystanders' dismay

EVEN PROFESSIONALS FALL, as this picture of H. Marney leaving Tetracaun shows

LADY RIDERS CAN LEAP, evidence of which statement is given by this picture

Even in these days of crisis, sport holds its own and plays its part in maintaining the spirits of the community. The seamy side of equestrianism is illustrated upon this page: the tumbles and stumbles at hazard or brook—from which even professionals are not immune. The joy experienced, however, at a well-cleared fence recompenses the rider for many a toss. The joys of "downright English gentlemen on upright English horses" are being more and more shared by equally downright English ladies. The "horsey" pictures were taken at the Hunter Trials held at Oxney Farm, Bordon, near Farnham, Hants

WILD-FOWL at HOLY ISLAND

THE FOWLING SEASON is in full swing—more especially duck-shooting

Three phases of the "early morning sport"—duck-shooting—are illustrated on the right-hand column of this page. At the top the gun is being mounted and the gear is being stowed away aboard the pointed-ended punt employed in this sport; the centre picture shows the long, long wait until, with characteristic "honk," the birds soar overhead—to fall, if fortune favour and hand be steady, with a flutter of feathers, to be picked up by the marksman; the bottom picture shows the return with the spoils of the chase

PEOPLE in the PUBLIC EYE

THE G.O.M. OF SHIPPING: Sir Alfred Yarrow, Bart., and Lady Yarrow at their Hampshire residence, "Green Meadows." Sir Alfred, who is now eighty-nine, was one of our best known shipbuilders

A LEGAL CURATE: Sir John O'Connell, the eminent Irish solicitor, who, ordained two years ago at the age of sixty-one, has been appointed curate at a Romish Church in Warwick Street

Bertram Park

CHINA IN LONDON: Mme. Sze, the wife of the Chinese Minister in London, is on the Committee of the Ivory Cross Matinée to be held at the London Hippodrome next week

Lenare

A BETROTHAL OF NOTE: Miss Eileen Joel, youngest daughter of the late Mr. S. B. ("Solly") Joel, who is engaged to Mr. F. L. J. Rogerson, a member of the Stock Exchange

UNEARTHING ANTIQUITY: Sir Flinders and Lady Petrie have just left London for Palestine, where they are going to explore the site of the city of Gaza anew. This is the thirty-fifth occasion on which Lady Petrie has acted as chief assistant to her husband

A NEW AMERICAN RECRUIT TO THE PEERAGE: Miss Adele Astaire (seen here with her brother and dancing partner, Fred) has announced her engagement to Lord Charles Cavendish, younger son of the Duke of Devonshire

THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF A KING GOES ON THE SCREEN: Princess Hiang-Thi-The, a princess of the House of Hoang-Ba, who has been compelled to seek her livelihood as a screen actress owing to the loss of all her possessions. Her grandfather was King of Tonkin before the French occupation

THE SON OF THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD: The Crown Prince of Hyderabad, son of the Nizam, who, it is rumoured, is to marry the daughter of the ex-Caliph of Turkey

A PRINCESS OF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS: Miss Douce Alionore Beaumont, daughter of La Dame de Sark, the hereditary ruler of the island, with her *fiancé*, Mr. Harry Trevor Jones

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

MADAME, *will* YOU WALK?

The clothes we don for street and morning wear have attained great importance this season, and we are offered a really bewildering variety of coats and dresses, made from those lovely and pliable light woollen materials that have now become an integral part of our daily lives.

Brilliant blues, vivid reds, and warm browns, with here and there splashes of rich purple and, of course, the old-time favourite black, are the colours that you will most frequently see as you take your morning walk in the park or stroll leisurely down Bond Street.

The materials of our coat are of a diagonal or ribbed weave, afternoon coats are in a plainer fabric, and velvet is often employed, whilst fur plays a most important part in their trimming. In fact, there are coats that have the upper part of the bodice and sleeves entirely of fur. Some have a little fur bolero as is the case in one of the models which is illustrated on this page. This suit, designed as are the other two by Norman Hartnell, is a clever combination of velvet and sealskin. Actually the fur bolero is attached to the long coat, but it appears to be quite a separate garment. Another coat of rough blue tweed has a deep fur collar of natural red fox, while the third is trimmed at the bottom of the short coat with silver fox, and a double tie of the same pelt is worn with it. Many designs have detachable fur collars, which, from a point of view of economy, is excellent as they can be worn with other suits.

The silhouette of the coat definitely follows a masculine trend, for shoulders are broad and all bulk is above the waistline; waists are slender and hips moulded to the figure. To emphasize the broadness of shoulder, capes of both fur and cloth are frequently worn. The epaulette treatment seen now on both coats and dresses gives very much the same effect.

Sleeves are of the utmost importance and fur trimmings are deep and gauntlet-like. Where coats are not fur-trimmed the cloth is cut into the most intricate and complicated fashion.

One point I noticed in many of the recent dress shows was the fact that frequently the two-piece ensemble idea had been waived in favour of a frock in different material and design from the coat.

Now a word as to hats. They are so varied that it is really difficult to write about them, but one fact at least emerges clearly from the collections, that is that the bowler has now lapsed into obscurity, but the béret is still with us. Eve Valère's version of the béret is worthy of note. It is illustrated here and is carried out in black felt. A slender strap fixes the hat firmly to the head, and this is trimmed with a rosette of felt. The other hat shown is also by Eve Valère, and is of brown and beige velour.

Mona Graham

The hat at the top of the page is the very latest version of the beret; it is made of black felt. Velour is the medium chosen for the model in the lower picture, in a rich shade of nut brown and beige

An attractive ensemble carried out in black velvet and sealskin. Fine cream lace and a velvet bow at the neck give a distinctly Victorian note to the gown, whilst beneath the tucked waist are placed bows in decreasing sizes. The coat is of black velvet with an attached bolero of sealskin

On right—

An ensemble made up in one of the new light woollen materials is an important item of this season's wardrobe. Here it appears in the form of a two-piece suit in a rich shade of purple, with a felt hat to match. The short coat is trimmed at the edge with silver fox fur

Blue of a vivid shade is having an immense vogue at the moment, and in the coat shown on the extreme right it looks particularly well against the red fox collar. Interest centres in the sleeve, which is full to the elbow, resolving itself into a close-fitting cuff

GEMS *of* PUREST RAY SERENE

This sapphire and diamond necklace can be converted into two bracelets, a necklace, clip brooch, and an ordinary brooch. The diamond bracelets, a single stone sapphire, and a diamond ring complete the ensemble. James Ogden of London and Harrogate

This evening coat of white velvet, with its luxurious fox fur collar, is an excellent background, for the diamond and ruby bracelet, and the rich single-stone emerald ring, while the beautifully matched pearls are a perfect complement to the whole. Mappin and Webb

The love women (and men, too, for that matter) have for jewels, unlike any other form of personal adornment, is not a question of geography. No matter the nationality, no matter the period in the history of mankind, the possession of jewels has always been, and always will be, one of the strongest passions of humanity.

The savage decorates himself with beads of seeds or wood. We, to-day, adorn ourselves with precious stones and metal.

Carved beads are some of the first records we have of jewellery, that was, of course, before metal was discovered. Gold, as far as we know, was actually the first metal to be used, way back in prehistoric times. It is generally thought that the art of gem-engraving developed from the time of the ancient Egyptians and their customary use of seals.

The practice of burying jewellery in tombs with the dead has preserved to this day some fine examples of the art of other centuries and nationalities. The Egyptians, the Romans, and later, some of the Scandinavian races are remembered for the high standard of their craftsmanship, but it is, of course, to the East that we have to turn for the luxurious and brightly glittering gems.

The jewellery of to-day follows the modern trend of severity, and the tendency is for it to perform a definite and useful function and not remain merely an ornament. Hence the return of the brooch and the buckle.

In keeping with the spirit of economy that has now become an intrinsic part of our daily life, jewellers are making interchangeable pieces of jewellery — thus one necklace and pendant, illustrated on this page, can be converted into two bracelets and a small necklace, whilst the pendant comes in half and forms a clip brooch and an ordinary brooch. Another forms four bracelets and a brooch. One of the loveliest modern necklaces I have seen consists of a double row of pearls with a decorative emerald and diamond motif on the shoulder, which eventually resolves itself into a single row of pearls and finishes with an ornate clasp.

Fashions come and go, but pearls are still the most sought-after gems. The passion for adding just one more beautifully-matched pearl to the necklace still persists.

Opals are getting scarcer, and in our passion for the rare and the exclusive we are forgetting our age-old superstitions of the ill-luck that opals bring. What gems we shall strive to possess to-morrow is a matter for speculation. One fact only remains certain—that is the eternal fascination of jewellery.

Marjorie Day

Fictures by Peter North

On left—
In this group of modern jewellery, the bow and the clip brooch, the watch and the other bracelet are in diamonds and platinum. The necklace can be formed into four bracelets. Its pendant is of baton, round diamonds and a large emerald. The earrings are also of emeralds and diamonds. Goldsmith and Silversmith Company

On right—
Jade always has its numerous admirers, but this season it is particularly popular. Here you see it in the form of beads, pendant, brooch, and earrings attractively allied to diamonds and platinum. Liberty

—BOOKS

(Continued from p. 232)

More Lay Thoughts of a Dean is by the Dean, that is, Dean Inge. *What Dare I Think?* has nothing to do with the Dean, who dare think anything, but is the book of Professor Huxley, who belongs to a family that has always dared to say anything. My confusion is a little natural. Either of them might have written either book. Clear, provocative, admirable, the work of an acute mind. This sentence may be quoted by the publishers alike. Alas, Dean Inge has stopped his weekly contribution on the folly of living, and the wisdom of dying neatly in an untidy world. "One cannot keep up this kind of writing for very long, and I am now engaged with another book on the philosophy of religion, which permits of no relaxations," he says. Well, the Dean's relaxations, if this book is a sample of them, are very lively intellectual gymnastics by one of the most agile minds thinking amongst us. He deals with such diverse subjects as ambition, saving and spending, on being seventy years old—a masterpiece this—and scientific ethics. The latter subject is Professor Julian Huxley's main theme. Man and his heredity, the conflict between Science and Human Nature, and the future of Religion are the grounds of his lively inquiry. He is lucid, logical, and adventurous. A broad humanism informs everything he writes.

The Midlands, that region through which the Londoner goes to sleep on his way north to shoot grouse, is now receiving attention from the novelists. D. H. Lawrence wrote *Sons and Lovers*, his first and best novel, about Nottingham and its mining suburbs. I suspect that Lacingham, the scene of Miss Muriel Hine's new novel, *Wild Rye* (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.), is Lawrence's city, but through what different eyes! Miss Muriel Hine has given us a period picture, the Victorian era when Corney Grain was a power; when, at the charity ball, the County was divided from the Town by a rope across the middle of the floor. It was the time when lace-merchants were potentates and founded dynasties that have since detached themselves from the dead factories; when twist-hands, having collected their wages, rode home in hansom cabs. It was the time, as Miss Muriel Hine's most lively pen points out, when "freedom had not dawned for women, save through the narrow door of marriage, when all depended on the husband's possessive egoism. Widowhood, well endowed, was as nearly perfect a condition as anyone could hope to attain." Jenny, sent to her grandparents in Lacingham, is taught to behave beautifully. She behaves so beautifully that she loses the man she loves, a wild spark, and is let down by a good specimen of the Victorian cad. By the irony of things, Jenny's own origin lacked all that she was taught to reverence. This is a pathetic, attractive young creature whom Miss Muriel Hine has depicted with so much truth to the spirit of her age. She has not presented a row of stuffed dolls slightly animated by the name of Queen Victoria. If ever I was made to hate a woman, it was Aunt Effie; if ever I wanted to arrange a marriage, it was between Jenny and Thad. But Miss Muriel Hine is inexorable. She drives her story through to a bitter and magnificent end. Downtrodden Jenny, in revolt against the hypocrisy of society, is a superb figure. The drama is finely handled, as also the witty dialogue and the period scenery. If we want to know whether the people who sat on horsehair chairs were flesh and blood instead of flesh and sulphuric acid, *à la* Lytton Strachey, here is the answer, never better made or more convincing in character.

THORNTON WILDER who won fame with "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," is soon to publish (through Longman's), "The Long Christmas Dinner and Other Plays"

Mr. Francis Brett Young is also striking a blow for our grandparents and the Midlands. At great length, as usual, he tells his story, but his length is always justified by his telling. *Mr. and Mrs. Pennington* (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) is a story of old-fashioned virtues, when married life was not a matter of no morals, no babies, and a six-cylinder car. Susan Pennington knew trouble and plenty of it. Her baby died, her husband lost his job, and the Grand Passion did not come along for some time. When it did it bit her hard. She played the fool with a rich Jew, tried sinning, and found it too exhausting. The story closes in wisdom and reconciliation and our respect for all, including the author, so adroit through 600 pages.

I sometimes wonder if Mr. Galsworthy has ever heard of the Midlands. He has contrived a magnificent death in Liverpool of the stoic variety; he has arranged the affairs of the Forsytes nicely in the South. The rest of England is silence. In *Maid in Waiting* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) he opens with the death of a Bishop and closes with a Bach "Chorale," and all the time we are with the Best People. This book is a noble plea for the depressed governing classes who nowadays can get nothing but publicity. The nature of that publicity draws Mr. Galsworthy's fiercest censure. There is no sign of a diminishing genius in this last example of the master's pen.

Perhaps it wasn't very nice of Mr. Evelyn Waugh to go to Abyssinia merely to laugh at that ridiculous coronation. If the tale told in *Remote People* (Duckworth. 10s. 6d.) be sober truth—and I have no reason to doubt it—even Gilbert and Sullivan could not have dealt with the situation. A Cairo dance band proving too expensive, the Emperor of Ethiopia invited the band of H.M.S. *Effingham*. They were treated royally; they were put into bedrooms furnished with enamelled spittoons. Mr. Waugh was an *enfant terrible*, so he was sent to the crowning of an *enfant prodigue*. He is wonderful company in strange circumstances.

REVIEWS IN BRIEF

The Murder of Edgar Allan Poe, *by J. A. T. Lloyd* **(Stanley Paul. 18s. net).**—A study that alleges the death of Poe at the hands of the American *literati*.

American Beauty, *by Edna Ferber* **(Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net).**—A study of Polak immigrants pricking out the *Mayflower* stocks in Connecticut. Has all the crude strength of the setting and Miss Ferber's powerful handling.

Gaieties and Gravities, *by George Graves* **(Hutchinson. 10s. 6d. net).**—The most renowned raconteur of stageland reviews his life—a long, a gay, and irrepressible one.

War Birds and Lady Birds, *by Elliott White Springs* **(Hamilton. 7s. 6d. net).**—The story of a Romeo of the Flying Service—a gay flight of fancy.

Japan, *by Dr. I. Nitroke* **(Benn. 18s. net).**—A clear statement of Japan's growth, problems, and ambitions. This volume is the new addition to "The Modern World" series.

Wee Drappies, *by Sir Harry Lauder* **(Hutchinson. 5s. net).**—A Lauder story book.

The Delightful Profession, *by H. E. Wortham* **(Cope. 10s. 6d. net).**—The profession is kingship, the King Edward VII. A bright unofficial biography.

The Ripening Corn, *by Colette* **(Gollancz. 7s. 6d. net).**—A delicious love story of Venice and Phil in a house by the sea.

The Post-Impressionists **(Medici Society. 7s. 6d. net).**—Treats of the group headed by Monet and Bonnard, with seventy-two excellent reproductions of this school.

A Book of Sporting Painters, *by Walter Shaw Sparrow* **(Bodley Head. 42s. net).**—A sumptuous production with 15 colour and 121 black and white reproductions. A superb collection of sporting prints with accounts of the artists.

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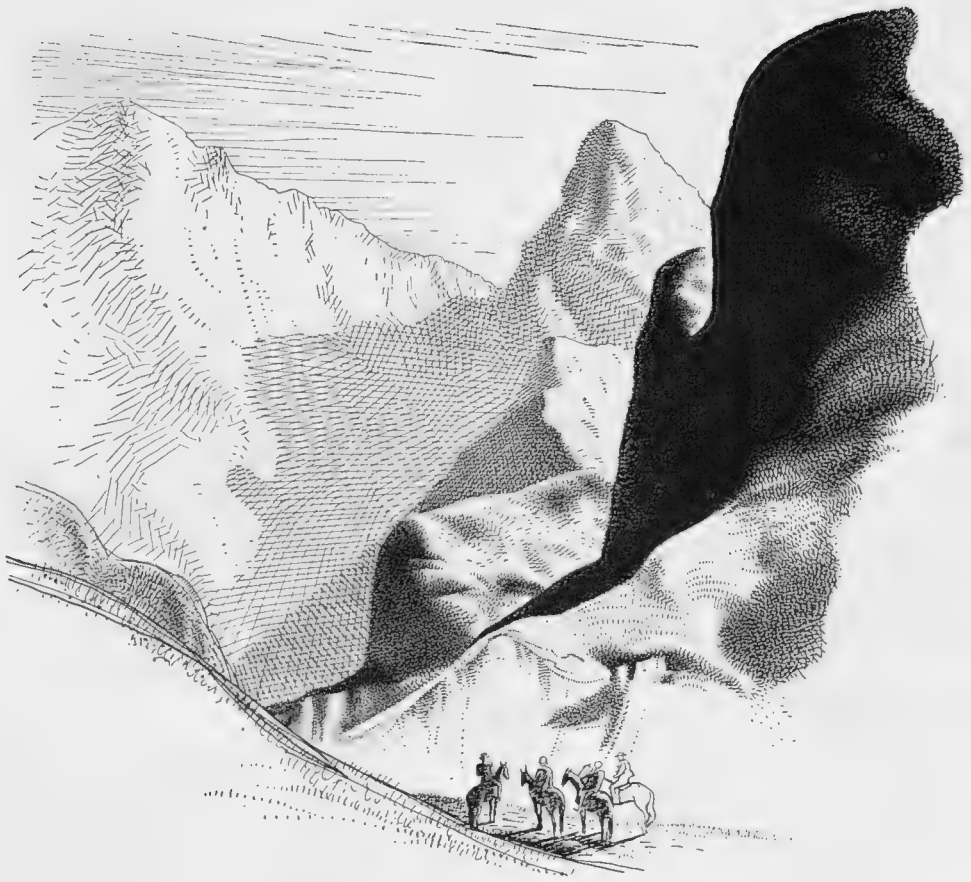

Wheat and Chaff

There are seasons when the farmer cannot see his wheat for the chaff. That about sums up the state of affairs to-day. Depression—like the chaff—is so rife that it is difficult to estimate true values.

But there comes a day when the wheat must be winnowed. This is the winnowing. This is the time for action and enterprise; for sweeping away depression; for cultivating wider interests. Let action and enterprise lead you to visit South Africa, not merely for health and enjoyment but to open up new business and to find fresh sources of demand and supply. In this Dominion is a vast field of opportunity that awaits reaping.

"Radiant Tours," specially organised by the South African Railways and Shipping Companies, provide the readiest and most reasonable means of visiting South Africa. Full information on request to the Director, Union Government Travel Bureau, 73, Strand, London, W.C.2, and the leading Shipping Companies and Travel Agencies.

SURPASSING natural beauty coupled with a mild and kindly climate makes Torquay the ideal winter resort.

Standing against a background of luxuriantly-wooded hills and looking southward over the clean wide sweep of Torbay, this "Queen of Watering Places" is sheltered from North, East and West — a veritable sun pocket beside a turquoise sea!

Torquay is replete with every facility for the enjoyment and entertainment of its visitors. It has a wonderful winter programme of entertainments, and hundreds of excellent hotels are offering specially favourable terms which are 10 to 20 per cent. below ordinary rates. Spa treatment is also available under skilled medical direction.

By the famous G.W.R. Torbay Express (12 noon each week-day ex Paddington) Torquay is brought within 3½ hours of London. There are many other fast services including through connections with the North and Midlands.

Special Cheap 1st and 3rd Class Return Tickets now issued from Paddington and principal provincial centres as under:—

Winter Resort Tickets available by any train and to return any day within one month;

Holiday Tickets on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays, available by all trains (Down Train Paddington depart 10.30 a.m., Up Train Paddington arrive 4.45 p.m. excepted), to return following Friday or any day thereafter until following Sunday week.

Write to the Superintendent of the Line, G.W.R., Paddington Station, W.2, for literature and all information.

BUY BRITISH HOLIDAYS

WINTER *in the* WEST

By MAXWELL FRASER

One of the happiest results of the recent national crisis is undoubtedly the number of English people who are "discovering" England this autumn and finding out for themselves that the claims of the West Country to rival the French Riviera for beauty of scenery and equability of climate are more than justified by the facts. Apart from the indisputable fact that the winter climate of West Country resorts is as warm and sunny as the most famous towns of the Mediterranean, England's own Riviera has a variety of beauty to offer the visitor which is incomparable. To take three places alone—Torquay, Bovey Tracey, and St. Ives—is to find three places differing as widely in interest and natural scenery as though they were in different countries instead of within a few hours' journey of each other. Torquay has a wonderful blending of colourful, sub-tropical beauty and wholly English charm; Bovey Tracey is in the heart of the wild grandeur of glorious Dartmoor; and St. Ives has the fascination of old world houses in a delightfully picturesque setting.

The secret of Torquay's infinite power to please every visitor may lie in the fact that it is built on seven hills, for everyone knows that seven is a number indued with magic powers; but whatever the reason there can be no doubt that everyone can find their ideal in this town of endless contrasts — an almost foreign beauty in the languorously warm air and the gaiety of Torbay and the neighbouring harbour; an essentially English loveliness in tiny Anstey's Cove, wooded to the water's edge, and a fresh, breezy atmosphere on Babbacombe Downs, and the bathing beaches of Babbacombe and Oddicombe. Hotels where a Continental efficiency is allied to a gracious sense of dignity and repose, medical baths where all the latest treatments are obtainable, concerts where artists of international fame perform, theatres giving the latest English successes, up-to-date dance halls, shops and public buildings, ancient churches, and a cave on Daddy Hole Plain where some of the most important relics of pre-historic days ever found have been discovered, enchanting motor drives and a no less delightful variety of cliff walks, an endless succession of beautiful scenery by sea and land, every form of sport—all this and more may be found in Torquay, the largest, gayest, and loveliest of all the resorts of England's Riviera.

The charm of Bovey Tracey lies in its quietude and its remoteness from the rest of the world—a haven of peace in the wild heart of Dartmoor, where hunting, fishing, and shooting can be found at the very door of a luxurious hotel. Set in 200 acres of park lands, the spacious Manor House Hotel has its own golf course, a boating lake, a swimming pool, and a splendid ballroom, and forestalls every need of its sporting guests, no less than of those who go there in search of complete rest.

St. Ives is a haunt of artists—sure sign that sunshine and beauty are to be found in this sheltered Cornish town clinging precariously to the sides of steep cliffs. The picturesque grey stone houses of St. Ives, so far from marring the beauty of the two great bays, are an essential part

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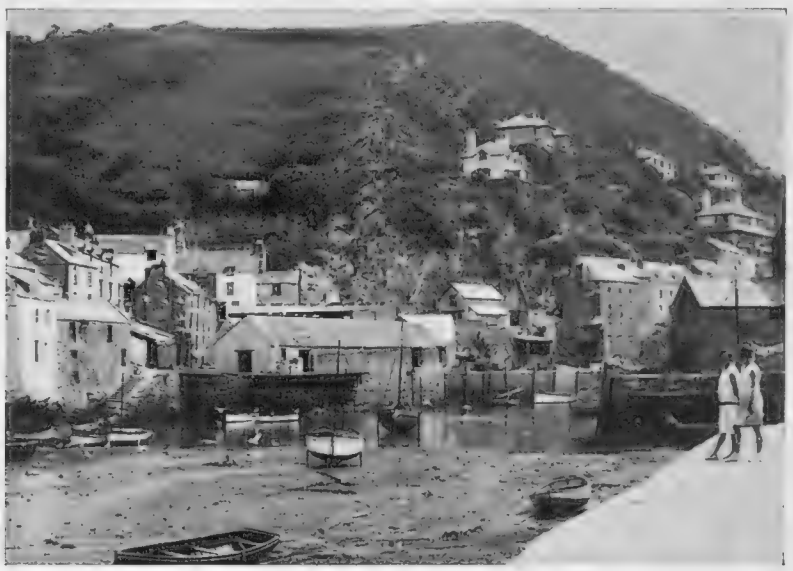


THE OLD WORLD CHARM OF THE WEST COUNTRY: Polperro Harbour, built up a steep hill west of Looe, was once a great fishing centre; to-day it is a haunt of artists

And stay at the

Visit ST. IVES

TREGENNA CASTLE HOTEL

The Gem of the Cornish Riviera

(Under the management of the Great Western Railway Co.)

This well-known castellated mansion is situated amongst forest trees overlooking St. Ives Bay, 350 feet above sea-level, in its own grounds of nearly 100 acres. Dairy produce from pedigree Guernsey herd on the Estate. The prospect from this elevation is charming, and the air bracing.

The climate in this part of Cornwall is very mild throughout the Winter.

WINTER TERMS from 4½ to 5½ guineas, exclusive of Christmas.

LUXURIOUS LOUNGES, 9-hole approach and putting course in the grounds. Tennis (Hard and Grass Courts), Croquet, etc. Ten minutes by 'bus to West Cornwall Golf Links, Lelant. ELECTRIC LIGHT AND CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT.

Tariff and all information from Hotel Manageress.

Telephone: St. Ives 254. Telegraphic Address: "Tregotel," St. Ives, Cornwall.

OF TRAVEL

BATH *the* BEAUTIFUL

Though Bath in its present form is architecturally a perfect and untouched example of an English town of the Georgian era, it is so extraordinarily suggestive of an Italian town that it seems as though the spirit of the Romans has lingered on, all-powerful, and transmuted the very atmosphere of the place. Terraced on an amphitheatre of green hills, its streets have the stately classic outlines of the Georgian decade which, allied to the sunshine and warmth of its climate, enhance the illusion of a more southern town, and life flows on there with all the leisurely ease which is more often found in Italy than in England.

It is this delightful, caressing warmth of the air, and this unhurried calm which do so much to soothe the nerves of the hundreds of invalids who flock to the City of Healing to be cured of their ills, and made completely happy once more in the possession of a health and strength they had scarcely dared hope to regain. No city in the world can claim such a long and splendid record of healing—2,000 years of service to mankind which has only increased in value with the passing of the years, and the discovery of new methods of healing. The original radium-impregnated hot springs still well up to lend their aid in the innumerable "cures" obtainable at Bath, which has the finest bathing establishment in England where every form of treatment known to medical science is to be found.

Happiness is so closely dependent on health that it is not surprising that Bath is no less a City of Pleasure than of healing, though its popularity has fluctuated in succeeding ages, rising to its greatest fame in the days of the Romans and the Georgian era, since when it has steadily grown in the public favour as a resort of fashion and gaiety. To-day it is the most progressive and attractive spa in England, with a constant round of amusements and a wealth of historical and literary associations which can be matched only by London itself. Curiously enough, the finest survivals of past ages to be found in the town date from the two greatest periods of Bath's history—the wonderful Roman remains, nearly two thousand years old, lying 20 ft. below the level of the town, conceived and built with such incomparable skill by John Wood and his son in the eighteenth century. Only the fine old fifteenth-century Abbey remains to make a link with the ancient town, swept away by the much-needed improvements of the Georgian period; but those who realize how ruinous the medieval town had become, and see the splendid, airy houses and wide, spacious streets of the present day cannot regret the passing of the old order of things in Bath.

The story of the rebuilding of the city is a romance in itself. What other place in the world can claim to have been entirely rebuilt at the expense of a single private citizen in a quarter of a century? To add to the magnitude of the achievement, Ralph Allen started life as a simple country lad earning a few shillings a week, and earned his colossal fortune through his own genius, and in perfectly straightforward, honest enterprises such as the institution of cross-country posts and the development of local quarries. Following on the work of the inspired architects he employed, the regeneration of Bath was completed by Beau Nash's appearance on the scene, his autocratic rule of the previously disorderly society of Bath transforming it into the most popular centre of fashion in the country and attracting the most famous people of the day. From that time onwards novelists and dramatists have vied with each other in making Bath the background of their tales, and the works of Sheridan, Fanny Burney, Boswell, Hannah More, Jane Austen, Dickens, and a hundred others give vivid pictures of the life in Bath in successive generations since the "King of Bath" held sway over the town.

Apart from the glories of the Roman remains, the interest of the historic old Abbey, and the fascination of exploring the places intimately associated with great ones of the past, Bath is also a centre for some of the most interesting towns in England. Wells with its glorious cathedral and the thirteenth-century Bishop's Palace; Glastonbury with its exquisite abbey ruins marking the sight of the first Christian church in England; and Bradford-upon-Avon with its Saxon church and innumerable antiquities, are within half an hour of the city, whilst the famous Cheddar Gorge, wonderful Wookey Hole, where the subterranean river Axe flows through three great caves; Bridgwater, birthplace of Admiral Blake; Sedgemoor, where the last battle on English soil was fought, and many another place of less fascination are within easy reach.

WHERE THE XVIIITH AND THE XXTH CENTURIES HAPPILY BLEND: A charming vista of Bath, showing the River Avon spanned by the Pulteney Bridge, behind which rises the City of Nash

(Continued from above on left)

of their charm. The antiquity of the town is hinted at by its lovely fifteenth-century church, which marks the site of a fifth-century oratory built by St. Ia, after whom the town is named. St. Ives was the favourite landing place for the saints who crossed from Ireland to convert the Cornish pagans, and is in modern times an equally ideal centre for exploring the delightful district in which it is set. Like all the larger resorts of the English Riviera, St. Ives affords first-class facilities for golfing and hunting, and has a warmth of climate which is as surprising as it is welcome to those who have not previously wintered in the west.

"The Password is 'England'"—

and BATH,

spa of England through passing centuries and changing scenes, will during the coming months show to thousands that a British spa can be a very pleasant place to winter at and a health resort unsurpassed in efficacy and efficiency.

WINTER RESIDENCE

Throughout the Winter Season—a full programme of entertainments, daily concerts by the Pump Room Orchestra, the most famous soloists of the day, regular dances, theatres, every facility for sport, hunting, badminton, squash, tennis. An exceptionally pleasant winter climate, sunny and equable; unique architectural beauty and antiquarian interest, a countryside of surpassing beauty, numerous literary organisations, attractive shops, all contribute to the distinguished place the West Country spa holds as a place of residence, as well as one of the world's most famous health centres.

SPA COURSE, 3 WEEKS FOR 3 GUINEAS

To meet present conditions, inclusive tickets are now being issued—including the Bath "British Cure" Ticket giving three weeks' course of the Bath Mineral Water Treatment for 3 guineas.

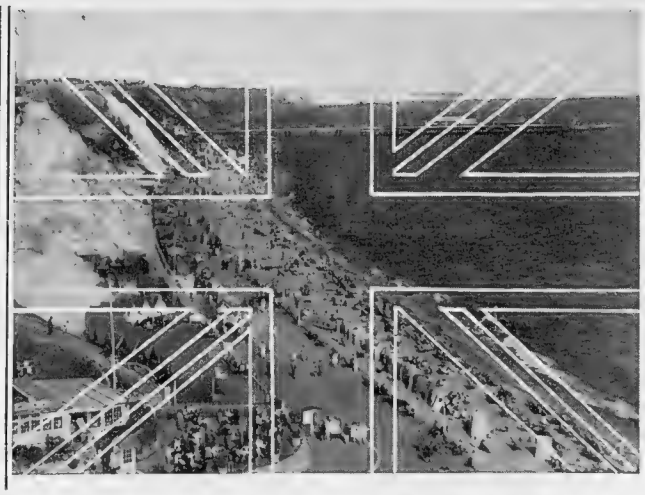
HOTEL TERMS

The Bath Hotels are co-operating in the effort by reducing their charges and by quoting specially favourable terms for the three weeks' period of the Bath Cure Tickets.

REDUCED FARES

In 105 minutes the comfortable Great Western non-stop expresses cover the 107 miles from London to Bath, and the Railway Companies are issuing a new "Winter Resort" Ticket from London and principal stations at Tourist Fares and available for one month.

An office has been established at Bath to supply particulars of hotel and other accommodation, railway facilities, and all information about the Hot Mineral Springs and the Bath Treatment. Address enquiries to John Hatton, Spa Director, Information Bureau, Bath.



Be British and *stay* British—

Winter at Bournemouth . . . .

Where healthy pine-laden breezes and day after day of warm sunshine give you a new health and vigour . . . Take the facts of Bournemouth's amazing reputation for fair weather and a perfect climate—then go there for your Winter holiday. You'll enjoy the unrivalled facilities for every kind of sport—the many interesting and beautiful walks into the historic "Hardy" country . . . while the evenings offer a most comprehensive programme of amusement and entertainment.

BOURNEMOUTH

Write for Winter Literature and Guide free from the Town Clerk, Room 13a, Town Hall, Bournemouth.

. . . Where Summer Winters

WINTER SUN *on the* SOUTH COAST

Since His Majesty the King sought and gained renewed health at Bognor—now proudly styled, in memory of that superb cure, Bognor Regis—the South Coast has enjoyed even more popularity than it formerly possessed as an alternative to wintering abroad. Such another fillip was given a century ago when George IV "made" Brighton and gave it the position it has retained to this day. The Duke of Connaught's patriotic decision to remain in England this year at Sidmouth will still further popularize the "Spend your holidays in Britain" slogan.

What a choice of places at which to winter and enjoy a fine climate and the maximum of sunshine the South Coast affords one! And most of these owe much of their development to the initiative and support of the Southern Railway, and are easily and comfortably reached from all parts of the kingdom.

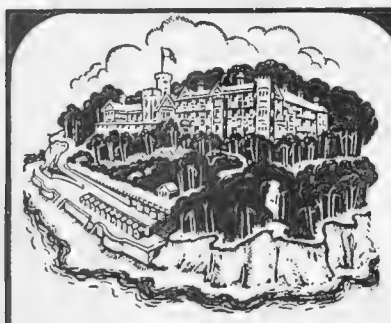
Farthest afield from London in our brief survey of some of the chief of these resorts, is beautiful Bournemouth of world-wide fame, and nowadays claiming preference not only on account of its equable climate and lovely situation, but also because it is one of the most up-to-date watering places in the scope and variety of the amusements and attractions it has to offer visitors. These include a magnificent pavilion in which are held concerts and entertainments, and where there is a restaurant and sun lounge and afternoon-tea balconies; there are theatres, cinemas, a skating rink, dancing, and all outdoor sports and pastimes in their season. And the accommodation for visitors is not less excellent, for the splendid hotels, boarding-houses, and apartments are noted for their comfort and the services given.

Bournemouth, too, is a winter resort for those needing a mild climate as well as for those demanding plenty of life and amusement. It became famous first of all as a health resort and has well maintained its claim as this, notwithstanding its great expansion and growth. It is a "Garden City of the South" to which at all seasons of the year holiday-makers flock, to return again and again. Its magnificent Undercliff and Overcliff Drives are veritable suntraps in winter, to the attractions of which are added beautiful views of the Isle of Wight eastward, and the grey-green Purbeck Hills westward.

Ventnor, on the southern side of the Isle of Wight, which has been called "the Garden of England," needs no praise as a winter resort. Its peculiar claim to that distinction rests upon its southern aspect, sheltered position, mild and equable climate, and the fact that it is one of the sunniest spots in the South of England. Here one has warmth on days which are cold on the mainland, and brilliant sunshine when other places are veiled in fog. The accommodation offered visitors is excellent. Winter tennis is a feature, and other amusements, both indoor and out, with several golf courses near at hand add to its attractions.

Other famous resorts in the I.O.W.—often visited by Queen Victoria whose favourite residence, after her beloved Balmoral, was Osborne—are Ryde, Shanklin, Sea View, and Sandown, in addition to the well-known yachting centre of Cowes. Those interested in archæology will find the little village of

THE TOWN OF SUN AND SHELTER: A panoramic view of the front at Bournemouth, the famous resort where the charm of pinewoods is united to the invigoration of the sea



ONCE a fine old country seat, this luxurious hotel stands upon its own cliffs among ten acres of wooded grounds, which include the private bathing promenade and foreshore. The service and cuisine are famed for their excellence; the appointments all that could be desired. One of the finest squash racquets courts in England, and four tennis courts (hard and grass) are within the grounds. Five first class golf courses within easy reach. Dancing and Orchestral Music. Lift to all floors. Garage for 100 cars.

Write to the Manager for Illustrated Brochure and Tariff

BRANKSOME TOWER HOTEL Bournemouth

Telegrams: Branksome Tower, Bournemouth. Telephone: Management, 415. Visitors 4000.

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that you can stay during the Winter months at the

SACKVILLE HOTEL

on the Sea Front, at Sunny

BEXHILL-ON-SEA

with hot and cold running water and central heating in your bedroom, perfect cooking by an artist, and cheerful, willing service for 17/6 per day?

THE **LOVELIEST HOTEL IN SUSSEX**

Situated in the charming old seaside Village of Rottingdean, within ten minutes' run of Brighton Station. Tennis; two Golf Courses close by. Riding on Downs. Excellent cuisine and service. High-class, but moderate terms.

Appointed Hotel R.A.C.—A.A.

Illustrated Brochure from Manageress.

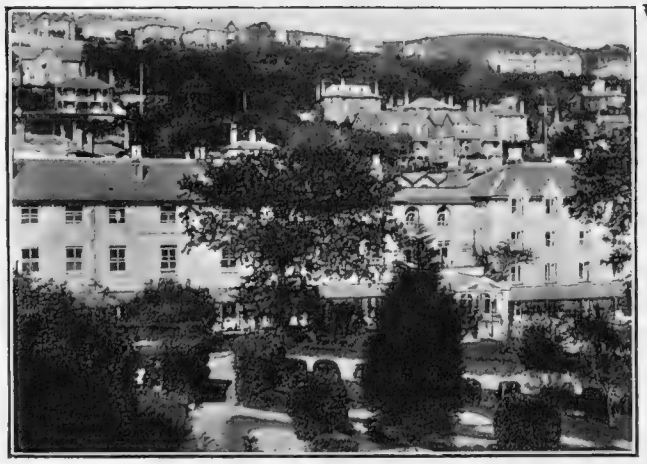
TUDOR CLOSE HOTEL

Rottingdean, Brighton.

'Phone: Rottingdean 9291

"SOLENT CLIFFS" BOURNEMOUTH

The Private Hotel with the premier position. Sea Front. 100 Rooms. No Extras. Night Porter. Own private garage. Billiards Week, Nov. 21st. Brodie Carpenter.



Isle of Wight

The Real English Riviera. Mild Winter Climate. Sunshine and Violet-ray records.

ROYAL HOTEL, VENTNOR

Every comfort for the Winter guest. Inclusive terms from £3.17.6 per week. Illustrated booklet from the Hotel Manager, or

TRUST HOUSES, LTD., 53, Shorts Gardens, London, W.C.2

OF TRAVEL

Brading, between Ryde and Shanklin, worthy of study, for an excavated Roman villa provides a notable historic attraction. The house of our greatest Poet Laureate—if not our greatest poet—Lord Tennyson, is near Freshwater.

Bognor Regis maintains a high average of sunshine and is pleasantly sheltered from the south-westerly Channel gales. Though its sands are not so populous at this season as they are in summer—when the children are as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa—they are yet popular among horsemen, for riding on the shore is a favourite—and justly favourite—pastime. It is interesting to recall that Bognor was founded in 1785 by Sir Richard Hotham, a late eighteenth-century hatter of Southwark, who wished to name it Hothamtown! In its immediate vicinity is Chichester, whose cathedral and cathedral library are well worthy of a visit.

THE SCENE OF THE CONQUEST: Hastings, which saw the Norman host in 1066, now sees hosts of visitors all the year round, for its winter appeal is considerable

Eastward again, is Angmering, that unique resort where Nature has been allowed to flourish almost untrammelled by the hand of man. Here is no formal promenade but rustic charm by the sea, while the set which patronises its charms is markedly of the better class. But a few miles away is Arundel, with its magnificent castle and its Norman church. The tennis courts of Angmering—one should say Angmering-on-Sea, for the village of Angmering proper is a couple of miles inland—are magnificent.

Worthing is another attractive South-coast resort which offers the almost inevitable amenities of tennis, golf, cinemas, etc. The climate is exceedingly mild—even milder than that of many of its neighbouring settlements—owing to the fact that it is encircled on the north and north-east by the Downs, which shelter it from cold winds and render it one of the most attractive of South-coast watering-places. Fruit-growing is a staple industry of the locality.

Brighton next claims attention in one's survey going eastward. Its fame as a health and holiday resort dates back at least a century and a half, and the sobriquet, "Dr. Brighton," given the town long ago is well-merited. Perhaps, however, that of "London by the Sea" conveys in least words an impression of its attractions in addition to those of bracing air, sunshine, and intriguing life. All the amusements, sports, and pastimes that can be enjoyed in London are available at Brighton. No one can be dull there, and soon the feeling of weakness or weariness that follows serious illness is dissipated, while the robust in health will find plenty of outlet for their increased energies in sports and pastimes. The hotels are world-famous, and are of all grades, from the palatial—teeming with social life—to the "quiet" and comfortable demanded by invalids and the less wealthy. There are several theatres, numerous cinemas, and concerts with world-famed artists.

The piers of Brighton—there are two: the Palace, near the site of the old Chain Pier, and the West Pier—are notable both for their musical programmes and the variety and ingenuity of their "penny-in-the-slot" machines—an irresistible attraction to all children and not a few grown-ups. To east and west are attractive and secluded resorts, while Rottingdean, Devil's Dyke, and Black Rock are famous beauty spots in the immediate vicinity.

Eastbourne can claim to be popular all the year round, and it has from its beauty and sheltered position special attractions as a winter resort. It is, too, very select. It has preserved, indeed, much of the urbane atmosphere of former times, while developing its amusements and attractions on modern lines. It is a charming town, with fine terraces of houses, well-planned and well-kept roads, an air of distinction quite its own, and possesses in its lovely Devonshire Park, where there is a Winter Garden, pavilion, theatre, and facilities for dancing, gardens, lawns, and fine sea-front, attractions of the kind second to none. Its climate is equable, and the social life has all those amenities which the better-class visitors so readily appreciate. The fact that it is only ninety minutes from town by the Southern Railway makes it additionally popular.

Eastbourne, incidentally, is one of the few resorts to boast a variety of "fronts"—for there are three levels on which one can promenade along the coast. A wit in the early nineteen hundreds christened the three levels, "The World, the Flesh, and the Devil'—a nomenclature that exists to the present day. "Meet you on the Flesh at 11.30 near the bandstand," is an ordinary phrase at Eastbourne which, to the uninitiate, might be slightly obscure. Ever a famous resort for tennis—the South of England Tournament, held in September, ranks after Wimbledon — Eastbourne boasts notable hard tennis courts in Devonshire Park, while indoors daily *thés dansants*, are held as well as Sunday concerts, and nightly concert parties, or other attractions.

Bexhill's rise as a modern and favourite holiday resort and residential town has been remarkable. Indeed, it may be said that it was comparatively unknown less than three decades ago. The old village on the hill is, however, of such ancient origin that it figures in the "Domesday Book." Situated on the slope above pretty Pevensey Bay, and open to the south and south-west breezes, Bexhill proper has a fine record for sunshine and fresh air tempered by its favoured aspect. It has an attractive and extended sea-front with shelters and gardens, and the facilities for games and amusements of all kinds are excellent, and the long stretches of sand are admirably suited for bathing. Three 18-hole golf courses make it especially attractive to golfers, and the social life of the town and excellent educational facilities have attracted to it many people as permanent residents. A distinctly attractive town by the sea.

Hastings and St. Leonards are to be grouped together, for the twin towns are practically one. They have the advantage of possessing two climates, so that while the invalid can obtain warmth and shelter in the lower town along the sea front more robust visitors can enjoy a bracing air on the summit of the cliffs themselves and the hillsides which add to the picturesqueness of the place. The ruins of the old Norman fortress which look down grimly on the town below are an outstanding feature. The climate is mild in winter and cool in

(*Continued on p.* 248)

A full Life on the CONQUEROR'S COAST

JOYFUL evenings to round off a programme of healthy sport, nights of gaiety followed by days of sunlit leisure or recreation—this is what the Conqueror's Coast offers. To stay here at this time of the year is to be both patriotic and wise—the climate is mild and recuperative, social amusements are abundant, hotel prices are low, and—by no means least important—you get full value for your £.

HASTINGS & ST. LEONARDS is renowned for music and sunshine. The town has a particularly fine Pavilion, seating 2,000, where the famous Municipal Orchestra, under Julius Harrison, gives a winter programme of classical and popular concerts. Indoor Bowls Pavilion, two Piers, fine hotels, dance halls, golf course, Indoor Sea-bathing Pool, etc. Guide free from Dept. C.S., Boro' Association, Hastings.

EASTBOURNE, sheltered by Beachy Head and the South Downs, has a delightfully mild climate, and holds the highest sunshine records. Its attractions include the provision of good music, a magnificent Winter Garden, frequent Concerts by world-famed artistes, Theatre, Concert Pavilions, first class cinemas, sea-water and Turkish baths, three golf courses, etc. Guide free from Dept. C.S., Information Bureau, Eastbourne.

BEXHILL & COODEN BEACH, sunny and bracing, is a select, modern residential resort with excellent hotels, and splendid schools; pure water free from chalk and a high record for the health-giving ultra-violet rays. It has three well-known Golf courses, fox and hare hunting and coursing, hard tennis courts, sea-fishing. Guide free from Dept. C.S., Town Clerk, Bexhill-on-Sea.

SEAFORD, which nestles in the South Downs, appeals to those seeking a restful or sporting holiday. Its air is extremely pure, evidence of its healthiness being the many boarding schools in the district. There are two fine golf courses, much favoured for winter play. Guide free from Dept. C.S., Chamber of Commerce, Seaford.

GET THERE QUICKLY BY RAIL

SOUTHERN RAILWAY BEST EXPRESSES (Weekdays) are:
To BEXHILL, ST. LEONARDS and HASTINGS.
From Charing Cross, 8.40, 10.25 a.m., 3.25, 4.18 (N.S.), 5.20 (S.O.), 7.18 p.m. From Cannon Street, 1.4 (S.O.), 5.4 (N.S.), 6.0 (N.S.) p.m.
To SEAFORD and EASTBOURNE.
From Victoria, 11.15 a.m., 1.20, 3.15, 5.20, 6.40 p.m. From London Bridge, 5.5 p.m. (N.S.). N.S.—Not Sats. S.O.—Sats. only.

THROUGH TRAIN BY L M S from Liverpool (Lime Street) 10.35 a.m., Manchester (London Rd.) 10.40 a.m., Birmingham (New Street) 12.30 p.m., etc., every Saturday (returning Monday) except Dec. 26th. Also frequent L M S Expresses to London connecting with Southern Railway trains.

"HOLIDAY" Tickets issued every Friday and Sunday (also Saturdays by L M S) and WEEKEND Tickets every Friday, Saturday and Sunday (any train). Return fares from London, 1st 17/9, 3rd 10/9. (Seaford, 1st 16/6, 3rd 10/-).

ENQUIRE OF LOCAL STATION MASTER FOR OTHER FARES, TRAIN SERVICES, ETC.

SPEND THE WINTER IN ENGLAND
at
BRITAIN'S MOST "CONTINENTAL" SPA

CHELTENHAM SPA

Where the famous saline waters very closely resemble those of Kissingen, Carlsbad and Marienbad.

Luxurious provision for water drinkers and complete installation of most modern and finely appointed medical baths under the control of the Municipality and a Medical Advisory Committee.

ULTRA VIOLET RAY TREATMENT

A Spacious and Beautiful Town

sheltered from East winds by the Cotswolds to which it acts as the natural gateway and convenient touring centre. Sunshine record is above the average for British Spas.

EVERYTHING FOR THE COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE OF VISITORS, excellent hotels, hunting, golf, steeplechasing, balls and *thés dansants,* orchestral and celebrity concerts, and shops reputed to be among the finest outside London.

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Hotels booked and all information for visitors supplied free by P. H. Bisset, Town Hall Information Bureau. Free guide to town, and particulars of baths and medical waters from Town Clerk (Dept. S.P.), Municipal Offices.

E.J.B. 599

WHEN IS A WINTER RESORT..?

Torquay has never been noted for its ski-ing, nor even for its skating; and it is only the oldest inhabitants who have ever done any snowballing.

There are, however, other 'winter sports' (which, incidentally, cost the visitor to Britain's Most Beautiful Guest House precisely nothing) such as Golf, Tennis, Croquet, Bowls, Squash, Badminton, Swimming, Gymnasium, Dancing, Cinema and Entertainments—all in the hotel and grounds.

Any slight discrepancy in the rather abnormal amount of sunshine Torquay invariably enjoys will be corrected by the new Palace Sun Lounge.

PALACE HOTEL TORQUAY

(There are magnificent Spa facilities at Torquay)

(Continued from p. 247)

summer and the rainfall is light. Amusements of all kinds have been well organized and the surrounding countryside is interesting and picturesque. Music is one of the features of the town, which of late years has come to be looked upon as a musical centre of the South Coast. Theatres, concerts, cinemas, dancing, with good hotels, boarding-houses, and apartments have made the towns popular, all-the-year-round resorts.

One of the loveliest walks in the vicinity is that to Fairlight Glen—a paradise of wooded charm; while another beauty spot which has an architectural appeal is Hollington Church, set in the midst of a large copse. Hard by Hastings itself is Battle with its historic Abbey.

One of the most picturesque places on the South Coast is Winchelsea; the little place where once the sea beset the city walls. Set in lovely marshes, Winchelsea is one of the few towns which still retain its ancient gates—a most fascinating and arresting feature. Its charm is not of the crowds, the high-pressure, well-organized pleasure resort, but of quiet serenity and peace after the stress and strain of modern life. Near by is Rye, one of the ancient Cinque Ports with its cobbled streets and old-world appeal.

Beyond the Romney Marshes stand the twin ports—inextricably associated in the travelling mind—of Folkestone and Dover. The former is, especially in winter, a favourite resort. Its Leas; its hotels, ranging from the great luxury houses to the smaller and quieter establishments; its shops and cinemas combine to make it a most deservedly popular wintering watering-place.

THE SPA OF THE ARMY: The Promenade of Cheltenham, famous for the beauty of its scenery, the efficacy of its climate, the salubriousness of its waters, and the Service quality of its "set"

CHELTENHAM.

Cheltenham with its delightful situation and picturesque surroundings is one of the most beautiful and attractive of British spas and holiday resorts. It possesses the outstanding advantage of an all-the-year-round season, of which fact the municipal authorities have taken advantage to the full in the variety and completeness of the arrangements they have made for the amusement and enjoyment of visitors of all classes.

Set at an altitude of some 200 ft. above sea level on the gentle slopes of the beautiful Severn Valley, the Cotswold Hills provide a rampart on the north-east, east, and south-east. This geographical feature accounts for Cheltenham's salubrious climate in winter, and the fact that though open to the health-bringing breezes coming to it from the Bristol Channel, it is sheltered from the cold winds of winter.

To realize to the full the beauty of its situation one must view the town from the heights of Leckhampton Hill. From that fine vantage point one soon grasps the fact that it is in reality a garden city set amidst trees and surrounded by a most beautiful stretch of countryside, and in a region abounding in pictorial and historic interest.

Cheltenham, with its wide streets and pleasant well-kept roads, fine buildings luxurious hotels, palatial Town Hall adjoining the Spa and its springs, and facilities for all kinds of sports and amusements, has long taken its place as one of the most charming holiday resorts and residential towns, as well as enjoying a high reputation as a curative Spa. The Winter Gardens are naturally the social centre of the town, and here on fine days at all seasons of the year the promenade and walks are crowded with visitors either listening to the band or revelling in the sunshine and fresh pure air. Many of the principal roads are tree-lined, and in lovely Sandford Park, Pittville Park and Montpellier Gardens the town is rich in open spaces.

Although Cheltenham dates back to antiquity it is in the best sense a modern town, laid out upon admirable lines, with social and educational advantages—there are two Colleges—of a higher order. It has a beautiful Theatre and Opera House, Cinema, and facilities for dancing. As a sporting centre it stands high. There are five golf courses within easy reach, a racecourse, good hunting country, polo and other amusements.

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F TRAVEL

THE SPA of the NORTH

Harrogate is one of those health resorts which should long ago have become as famed on the Continent as some foreign spas are in this country. Indeed, too little has been done to create this knowledge; and at home, that we have spas and curative waters, and "treatments" which have been long ago brought to such a state of perfection, it is no longer necessary to seek for these abroad.

Harrogate is one of these. Easily reached from London, and indeed from all parts of the country, it enjoys an unrivalled situation on the edge of the Yorkshire moors, which are famed for the purity and bracing quality of their air. The town is, perhaps, fullest as regards the more transient type of holiday-maker in July and August, but it is fortunate in that it is never out of season. It is delightful at all periods of the year, and one finds that the attractions it offers are skilfully graded to correspond with these. Autumn is a delightful time at which to visit this famous spa. Spring is another period of the year of peculiar charm and beauty. But it must not be imagined that one finds a "dead" season at Harrogate. Winter finds the town as much alive as at almost any other time, the only difference being in the attractions offered and the fact that the place is less crowded, with a corresponding ease in obtaining the best of accommodation at its luxurious hotels, boarding and apartment houses, and at a lower cost.

Indeed, to spend Christmas at Harrogate is becoming more and more a habit with many, especially those with young people for whom *thés dansants*, dances, theatrical performances, concerts, cinemas and other forms of indoor amusements, tennis, motor runs in the keen fresh air, and expeditions to places of interest prove attractions, with the possibility of a modified form of winter sports if snow comes.

In addition to many other urban delights, Harrogate offers great facilities to the purchaser, for some of the shops in this town rival those of London or other world capitals. Modistes, jewellers, picture-dealers do a thriving business with the wealthy visitors.

Of course, the "cure" goes on all the year round. The Royal Baths and Pump Room remain open throughout the winter months. There are concerts every morning in the Winter Gardens, which indeed forms the centre of the social life of the town in the earlier hours of the day. Here one is almost sure to meet some friend or acquaintance, for, as one visitor remarked to us after meeting a number of old acquaintances, "all roads appear to lead to Harrogate."

There is good golf and tennis all the year round, badminton indoors, excellent hunting with several packs, and an air of animation about the well-kept roads and promenades and in the unusually good shops which is very attractive.

The town is charmingly laid out, and there is "room for sunshine" in its many open spaces, pleasant gardens, and sheltered walks.

One must not, however, forget that Harrogate is a "cure" station of renown, distinguished for the efficacy and variety of the "treatments" obtainable, the up-to-date appointments of the baths, the high standing of the medical men attached to them, and the efficiency of the staff of nurses and attendants generally. Few people, perhaps, realize that there are no fewer than eighty-eight medicinal springs, all of which are natural and constant.

Nowadays, the discovery not long ago of the presence of "fango," a radio-active and curative mud found at a number of Continental spas and much and efficiently used in "treatments," has provided Harrogate with another curative agent of high value. Of especial interest to invalids is the fact that there is no "cure-tax" such as prevails at so many of the Continental spas.

One cannot fail to enjoy the life of Harrogate, and that is doubtless the reason that so many fit people—as well as invalids—come to it season after season and year after year. The social organization of the life of the hotels is especially good, and conduces not a little to the brightness that serves to make visitors feel at home, happy, and contented.

One must not forget that one of the greatest assets that the town possesses as a holiday and health resort is its magnificent tonic air. The town stands on a plateau some 600 ft. above sea-level, and the air is not only bracing but unusually pure. Lying in the centre of Northern England it is scarcely three hours run by car from east or west coast. The Pennines on the west serve as a rain trap, so that Harrogate is unusually dry as well as having a high average of sunshine.

And lastly, it is one of the best excursion centres in England, with many beauty spots in the immediate neighbourhood, historic castles, and other places of interest.

Harrogate is set amid the loveliest of moorland country, and one of the most charming motor-tours therefrom runs to the famous Bolton Abbey, the gem of Wharfedale. Within easy reach is the equally famous Fountains Abbey. Knaresborough, the Yorkshire residence of Princess Mary, Countess Harewood, is within walking distance, and the surroundings of that quasi-royal seat are magnificent.

The Brimham Rocks offer another afternoon spin. There is a strange geologic outcrop which has been eroded by weather into fantastic forms, each of which has been christened with a particular designation suggested by its appearance.

For the literary, it has the advantage of being a good starting point for a pilgrimage to the country round Haworth, so intimately associated with the Brontës.

THE SPA OF THE NORTH: The Valley Gardens, Harrogate, which, in addition to its many attractions as health and sporting centre, also is famous for its shops of metropolitan smartness and *chic*

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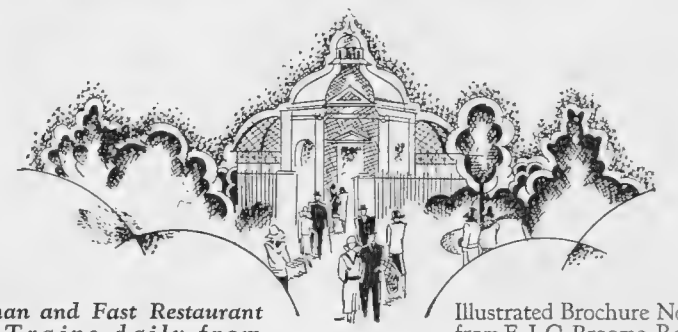

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A FAREWELL to JAZZ

By FERDINAND TUOHY

(Continued from p. 221)

"*les snobs*," the wine beneath contempt, and so there they are, the hostelries, garish and empty monuments to *l'après guerre*. The uglification of these latter years lives after them—years when the one thing to do was to attract attention.

How fundamentally *false* was so much of it! Take the fable of marvellous youth—pure newspaper stunt. By giving our latter-day adolescents an inflated idea of their own importance we put them on a pedestal upon which they posed and were insolent and shed the *convenances*. Now that it is no longer either funny or original to be haphazard and shameless, to give a portrayal of essence of ginned vacuity, the tendency is fading out. In point of fact, observation leads me to suppose that the younger generation is developing interests we never had and is finding something to do when and where it can. So do let us leave it alone.

And also that second sprouting of post-War fancy, "the modern girl." Hollywood taught her to be prettier, the astonishing years made her more aware and gave her self-reliance. Otherwise, no change. Indeed, I'm not sure it shouldn't be "Conservative Gain," judging by these impertinently perched little Victorian hats and the craze for fine needlework, and the waltz, and early marriage!

It is possible that some day the late epoch may be sentimentally recovered from the past and regretted even as have been the good old days. We do not know what severities we may not be steering into. The gay abandon of the gone years, for all their crudity and over-emphasis, their idiocy and their fake, may stand ever more vividly out, like "the dancing after Waterloo." And there is ever a danger, when the pendulum swings, lest it swing too far. Such a case was the ultra-seriousness of Protectorate England; such another, the debauchery of the Restoration. The special point now is that, willy-nilly, we are moving to calmer, more earnest and solid times; also into a period of less blatant modes and gentler manners.

Living within our means. That alone is irreconcilable with what has gone before. Of course, we shall still continue to enjoy life. But things will be different. In *Cavalcade* are glorious tableaux of the epoch that has ended. What will Noel Coward—for he is symptomatic of this Virtuous Revolution—have to add in 1941?

GETTING MARRIED at ST. MARGARET'S

By CHARLES GRAVES

(Continued from p. 225)

people say, "Of course she's lovely, but isn't she white? Excitement, of course." In point of fact the girl is white because she is absolutely worn out with the hard work preceding the actual ceremony. Unless you have been through the smart London marriage mill yourself, you will not realize even now how much hard work it involves, especially as so many of the wedding guests are going to compare it with countless others also at St. Margaret's, and you naturally want yours to be as nice as any of them.

I can well remember telling Lady Doria Hope, the Duke of Newcastle's daughter, all about it shortly after her engagement to Mr. Childe. As a result, she went off and got married quietly at Christ Church, Down Street, like her friend, Lady Seafield. By doing this she missed a great deal of the attendant excitement of a wedding at St. Margaret's, but she also avoided nine-tenths of the strain.

I have asked several people, without success, how it was that St. George's, Hanover Square, was displaced by St. Margaret's as the fashionable wedding church. Before the War St. George's was *the* place, largely because most of the well knowns lived inside the parish. But even then, why the sudden exodus to St. Margaret's as soon as it was made possible for prospective married couples to qualify by a technical three-weeks' residence elsewhere?

St. George's has all the advantages of the outside colonnades in wet weather. It is almost, if not quite, as large as St Margaret's. What, then, is the reason? I cannot believe that the fact of Sir Walter Raleigh being buried in the chancel of St. Margaret's has anything to do with it, or even that it is, as I say, the parish church of the House of Commons.

From what I am told I gather that the marriage of Lady Eva Greville to Colonel Dugdale was the first really fashionable one that took place there. If it is not blasphemous to say so I suppose the real reason is that one goes there to be married because one's friends were married there, just as people go to the Embassy Club or the Monseigneur because their friends have been there, too.

St. Margaret's is undoubtedly a lovely old church. Tradition ascribes its foundation to Edward the Confessor, who reigned between 1042 and 1066. But all that is known with certainty is that it was in existence by the twelfth century. Twice during the next 400 years it was found necessary to rebuild it almost from top to bottom. One thing is sure—a very high percentage of the people who have been married there in recent years have continued to be happily married. I can think of exceptions. There was the young man not so long ago who had to be driven four times round Parliament Square by his best man before he could be persuaded to enter the church. That marriage has already been dissolved.

Like other churches, St. Margaret's has had its quota of bridesmaids who fainted under the strain of a long sermon, of brides who were ten minutes late, of child attendants who wept or carried on audible comments throughout the service. There was also the young peer who arrived eighteen minutes late, at which point his bride had one foot on the running-board of her motor-car and was about to go off. I have never heard such twitterings in a congregation in my life. That marriage was also dissolved.

Indeed, there are several cases where the bride has driven half-a-dozen times round Parliament Square—sometimes because the bridegroom was late, and sometimes because they felt like changing their minds themselves. It was not at St. Margaret's, however, when a man got up not so long ago and endeavoured to explain a just cause and impediment at the last minute—but to no effect, as the clergyman went on marrying the couple to the accompaniment of the vocal protest from the back of the church. Nor was it at St. Margaret's that the whole of the first ten rows of the congregation tittered recently when the hotel bedroom number—42—was displayed for all to see on the soles of the shoes of both the bride and bridegroom when they knelt down in front of the officiating clergyman.

Personally, I have the greatest possible affection for St. Margaret's. If Rudyard Kipling's daughter had not been married there I might never have met my wife. For she was the only bridesmaid on that occasion, and I was instructed by Mr. Beverly Baxter, then the editor of *The Sunday Express*, to interview her. That was how we met. So no wonder we chose St. Margaret's also. I am glad that now, nearly two years later, I am at last able to pay my tribute to it. It is undoubtedly the nicest church in London in which to be married, and will always continue to be so.

I was there again at the wedding of Mr. Frank Pakenham and Miss Elizabeth Harman, and realized once again what a charming setting it makes. In fact, the stage has now been reached that if a young couple do not get married at St. Margaret's they must almost be on the defensive to explain why they chose some other church.

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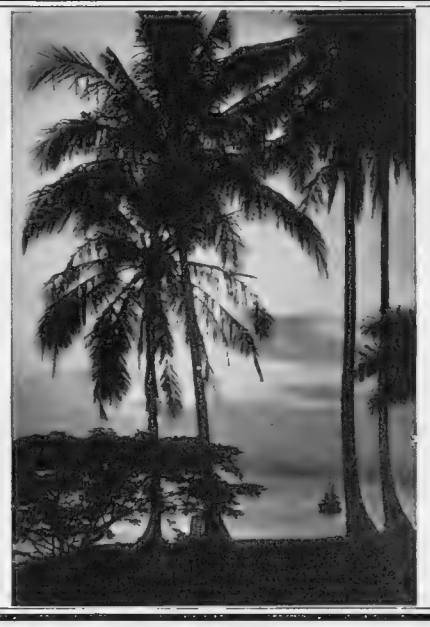

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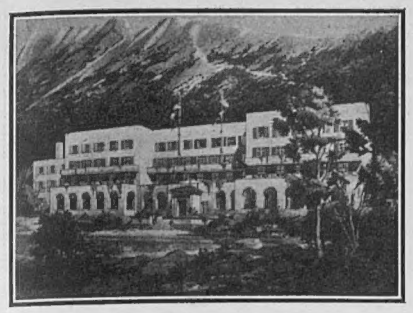

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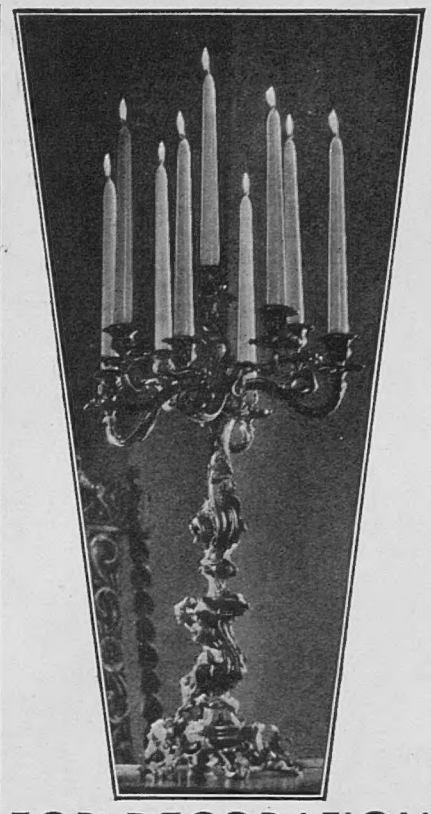

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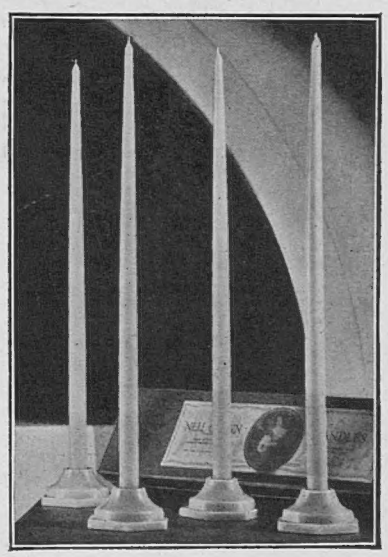

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VISITING A MODEL FACTORY: A picture taken on the occasion of the Sultan of Johore's recent inspection of the Firestone Tyre and Rubber Company's factory on the Great West Road. *From left to right*—Mr. W. E. Duck, the Managing Director, the Sultana of Johore, Mrs. D. A. Ross, wife of the manager of Firestone's Liberian plantation, the Sultan of Johore, and Mrs. W. E. Duck

The Petrol World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

PROTECTING THE PEDESTRIAN.—We motorists now learn with great pleasure that, in certain parts of London, pedestrians are to be controlled when crossing the streets in the same manner as are motorists. If such a suggestion had been seriously made five or six years ago the editors of every newspaper in London and elsewhere would have been inundated with letters of protest. The roads and streets of this country have from time immemorial been looked upon as the preserves of the pedestrians. Anyone else using them was only permitted to do so on sufferance. During the leisurely times, when nothing faster than a horse and cart used the highways and byways of the country, this state of affairs caused little or no inconvenience to anyone, but with the advent of the motor-car it soon became apparent that unless there were to be twice the number of accidents than there need be every year the pedestrian would have to submit to control in some shape or form. We live in an age of democracy when the minority must acquiesce with the decisions of the majority. On most roads of England to-day there is a vastly greater number of people travelling by motor-car or motor-bus than walking on their feet, and it is therefore logical that the rules and regulations for the use of roads must be framed so as to fall in with the wishes of the predominating party.

WHERE PRUDENCE PAYS.—Personally I cannot understand the mental outlook of a pedestrian who, through his awkwardness, pits himself against a motor-car. I am frequently a pedestrian myself, and when I walk on a road I always make room for any vehicle that may come along, not because I am forgetful of my so-called rights, but purely in the interest of my own safety, realizing that every mechanical vehicle is prone to break down or to come out of adjustment when least expected. I always marvel at the bravery of the slim girl or anæmic-looking male who intentionally crosses the road in front of a car after noticing it was approaching fast, and would have to pull up in order to prevent an accident. More often than not examples of this foolhardy conduct manifest themselves on days when the roads are wet. If every driver were a Sir Henry Birkin or a Brian Lewis the risk invited might not be so terrific, but if the pedestrian who ought to know better were to realize that 80 per cent. of motor-car drivers have not the slightest idea how to control a skid when it takes place I feel certain he would be more careful.

How many times are motorists held up for a traffic control by the man in blue, and after waiting an unconsciously long time the uplifted hand drops, but no forward movement can be made because some misguided pedestrian selects that particular moment to cross in front of the traffic? Now that the principle of controlling pedestrians has been accepted by the authorities I fervently hope that they will become just as keen in enforcing these regulations as those framed for the control of motorists. In other words, I want to read about pedestrians who have been summoned for dangerous or careless walking. With the present state of traffic such an individual can be a very real source of danger.

URCHIN-CONTROLLED TRAFFIC.—The other day I heard that in some district close to London the authorities were going to erect special lights for controlling road traffic and that these were to be operated by pedestrians themselves. At first I became very alarmed, because I thought that on whatever road these controls were worked motor traffic would be brought to a standstill. I then read, much to my relief, that when the button was pushed by the pedestrian in order to hold up traffic while he crossed, the lights thus controlled would only shine for two minutes or some such interval of time. This, however, I am afraid, is not a sufficient safeguard because the small British urchin dearly loves to push anything that looks like an electric bell knob, and I can visualize him waiting till the lights go out after two minutes are up and then pushing the switch at intervals of two minutes. The result would, of course, be chaos. I think that if any such scheme is adopted the mechanism should be arranged so that for each two minutes given to the pedestrian there should be four minutes immediately afterwards to allow road traffic to proceed. No amount of bell-pushing should be able to rob road traffic of that four minutes. The actual duration of the interval would, of course, be adjusted according to the positions and the localities in which these controls were erected.

As a motorist I never forget that I am also a pedestrian, and I sympathize very strongly with the foot-slogger, but there is no use disguising the fact that to-day he must take a position in the background. Speed with safety must prevail, and anything which unnecessarily gets in the way will have to be removed. I have no real right to stand in the middle of Piccadilly and hold up the traffic of that busy thoroughfare. Neither has any other pedestrian the right to impede the progress of faster road users.

BLAZING THE TRAIL.—I hear that Mr. J. Weston Warner, of the Public Schools Club, Curzon Street, W.1, left on Friday last for India, where he will represent the Chloride Electrical Storage Co., Ltd., makers of the famous Exide Battery. Until recently Mr. Warner was associated with National Oil Refineries, Llandarcy, Skewen, Glamorganshire.

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